NEW YORK CLIPPER

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"WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH?"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Some time ago, in a pensive mood,
I published some poetry (poetry forsooth!)
In which I asked in a gloomy way,
"Where, O where, are the friends of my youth?"

Not that I really cared, you know,
But it sounded so kind of nice in rhyme;
And little I thought when that line I wrote
That I should find out in so short a time.

Letters and messages soon poured in—
Some from the very extreme world's ends—
With the information I rashly sought,
What had become of the aforesaid friends.

Wilkins, he wrote, he said, to say
That with me he desired to be quite frank,
He had opened that week, in tip-top style,
Near Fulton Ferry, a Faro bank.

And Schenck, he put in *his* oar and sent
His kindest regards in a note to me,
That was dated from Washington, duly signed
With a gorgeous flourish, "R. Schenck, M. C."

And Bowles—he dropped me a horrible scrawl;
Since the close of the war and his contract, it
Had pleased him to travel, and his address
Was Paris, at 20, Rue Lafitte.

Then Johnson—Bill Johnson, that festive bird—
The gayest young mortal I ever knew—
Informed me that he was alive, and dry—
P.S.—Could I lend him a dollar or two?

And Thompson—another old friend of my youth,
Sent word to the effect that he and Jones
Were playing in Shingle's Minstrel Band—
Jo. had the tambo'—he the bones.

Jenks was a canvas man—Boss he said;
Smith, in Washington Market, selling greens;
Brown sent a despatch, (of course unpaid)
From San Francisco—*he* was in sewing machines.

I won't trouble the reader any more,
But I'm rather inclined to think that when
I write for the Sunday press again, I'll ask
No foolish questions like that again. J. H. B.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW TIME SLIPS AWAY—ROSA VILLA—SERVANTS' GOSSIP—THE SISTERS—WHERE IS MY MOTHER?—LADY LORTON.

"Another day over," said Waters, who, with one other servant, alone remained at Rosa Villa. "And another night, too; we shan't have many more to count."

"Is she so bad?" asked the other, a country girl, who pitied her forlorn mistress from the bottom of her heart.

"Ay, indeed; the nurse says she won't live through another night."

"Poor thing!"

"Ay, poor thing, indeed. It's a pitiful thing to see a young girl like her dying without a soul near her. All her fine friends who flattered her and fawned on her when she had health and spirits for company like theirs have gone off to another like her perhaps; even the duke (Mr. Saville, I mean) away out of England when she's dying. 'Gone for a tour,' she says, and she keeps up well before people; but I know what it means; he's gone because he won't see her die; I've many a time been very hard on her and rude to her, but I'm sorry for her in my heart now; if ever I speak to her she just turns away from me. She said yesterday:—

"'You're very good to me, Waters, but oh, if I had a mother!'"

The girl took up her coarse apron and wiped away the tears that rose to her honest eyes. She had entered the service of the mistress of Rosa Villa ignorant of the position of its mistress. The discovery had at first horrified her, and she had indignantly given warning, but her lady's gentle manner and sad helplessness had won her heart, and she had made up her mind to stay to the end that was so near and do all she could for the destitute invalid.

"Poor dear," she said, "it's hard to die wearying for the mother's voice and mother's smile that can come to us no more. We can't help her to that, Mrs. Waters, whatever we may do for her."

"No, we can't; it goes to my heart to hear her talk, though I'd never a mother to care for me," Waters said, reflectively.

"Ah, then, you don't know now sweet it is," said the younger girl. "Did your mother die when you was a baby?"

"I suppose so; I never remember anything about her," replied the lady's maid, making an admission she would have scorned to do in any other state of spirits than the gloom of depression. Waters was fond of boasting of her "high connections" in a general way, whereas she really dated from the parish workhouse, where she had been brought up a foundling, owned by no one, at the public expense.

"You've never known the want of a mother, then; that's something. I think if anything happened to mine I should die. Do you think poor missus has one?"

"I don't know; there's some secret about her. I've heard her muttering to herself, 'When will he find my mother? Oh, if my mother could come before I die!' and things like that, and then sometimes about a sister; and you know how like that young girl was to her that was here yesterday."

"Like! it gave me quite a turn."

"Well, I can't help fancying she was a relation, for missis wouldn't see her at first, but she wouldn't be denied; and when she had been here a bit and I went in, the young lady had her arms about her and they were both crying; there's another lady coming to-day; that Miss Somers that comes so often said so; she was to have come yesterday, but something happened to hinder her."

"Yes, there are plenty of visiting ladies willing enough to come now and spy into how she lived, poor dear, and talk about the end of a life of sin and repentance, and worry her last hours, poor thing, but I don't see as they do much good. It's a fine opportunity for 'em to look at one like her and see what her house was like and all that; it's just a satisfying of their curiosity, that's what it is, nothing else."

"Well, that's just what I think," said Waters indignantly, "and I keep 'em out all I can. They begrudge the poor dear her flowers and her scents, but Miss Somers isn't like that; she's kind and gentle, she is, and does all she can to make her death bed pleasant, instead of darker and more terrible still than it is already."

"There's a cab," said the other servant, peeping through the blind, "and a lady getting out. My, it's the very girl that came yesterday, and such a handsome gentleman with her. She's coming in by herself, though."

It was Maggie Ross who alighted, and Willie Burn who opened the little gate for her to step into the garden.

"When shall I come for you?" he said, as she laid her hand in his.

"Not at all," she replied; "I shall stay as long as I can do her any good; I could not possibly fix a time."

"Good bye, then, till evening," he returned, pressing her hand. "I shall be at the theatre to take you home. Oh, Maggie, when will the time come when I can take you to my home and heart, my wife? I'll bring it soon, my darling; no more night drudgery and marching to rehearsals on wet mornings; you shall have as pretty a home as this before long, where you shall do nothing all day but just what you like."

"Oh, I shouldn't like that a bit," she replied. "I must be employed, or I couldn't live; you shan't have an idle mistress for your home. Now go away, don't waste any more time on me, and—oh, Willie don't; there's one of the servants peeping out of the parlor window," for Willie, sheltered by the friendly laurels at the gate, had stolen a parting kiss.

"Oh, they didn't see and I couldn't help it," pleaded the young man. "Good bye once more, darling, till night."

And he turned away, while Maggie, with cheeks very red, walked towards the house, all unconscious of the scrutiny of Waters and Mary, who pronounced her to be "quite the lady," her thoughts busy with things past, present and to come.

And Willie went back to his counting house, where I am afraid he thought more of his Maggie than his business, for he wrote her name once in lieu of his own, indonce he astonished his head clerk by exclaiming suddenly, with emphasis:—

"Oh, Maggie, I'll soon have an end to this life of hard work for you."

An end indeed, but how soon neither had any idea, as with a loving hand clasp they had parted that morning, Willie to go to his business, daily increasing and raising him to a [illegible] position in society, and Maggie to enter Rosa Villa and take her place by the bedside of its dying mistress. She went up-stairs with a noiseless foot and met the hired nurse, looking wearied and pale in the sunlight, at the chamber door.

"I am come to sit by her," she said, "and let you rest; can you trust her to her maid and me?"

"She'll hardly know you," the woman replied. "A very few hours will see the end now; she talked of you a good deal last night in a kind of wandering way; said you were her sister, her twin sister, or something of that sort; and indeed you might be, miss, for you are very like her."

"So I have been told," replied Maggie, in some confusion. "Is she awake?"

"No, miss, at least I think not; she don't seem conscious. She mutters a good deal, but go in; I'll be up again in a minute."

"There's that pretty, nice spoken girl again," she said to Waters when she was seated over a comfortable cup of tea down-stairs; "whatever relation can she be? I never saw such a likeness. I was dozing a bit, I think, when she came up as soft as a cat, and I started up, and I almost screamed, for it seemed as if it must be the missus herself."

"But you saw her yesterday."

"I know I did, but I was broad awake then, and her face hadn't the same look upon it somehow. I wonder who she is; missis said, poor thing, in her wandering, that she was her sister; perhaps she is."

"She may be," said Waters, "her sister, and ashamed to own her; there's many a one wouldn't acknowledge her now. She never told me as she had any friends, but a dirty looking man came here once and said he was her father; I couldn't make it out at all."

It won't matter to her by this time to-morrow; she's going now, poor thing. Who'll have the ordering of things, Mrs. Waters, do you know?"

"I've wrote to Mr. Saville's agent," replied Waters, with dignity, "to tell him how ill she is; he'll order everything to be done, correct, you may be sure."

"Ay, he's sure to have things a bit nice. He won't like to have it said he deserted her when she was dying."

"Which he have, whether it's said or no."

Maggie Ross entered the chamber and took her seat beside the dying girl. There was no question of life now; death was terribly near at hand, and the unearthly beauty which so often flits over the faces of the departing had settled upon her features. She lay back upon her pillows, her golden curls floating over her snowy coverings and her thin hands half lost in the ruffles of delicate embroidery which adorned her sleeves.

Splendidly attired she had gone through her brief career and daintily adorned she would die.

Waters had thought of her tastes and habits even in death, and nothing was forgotten that could surround her dying bed with beauty and comfort.

The flowers of the day before, a few violets and primroses, with their pale beauty and gentle fragrance, Maggie removed and replaced with new ones, straightened the bedclothes and watched in silence.

The song of birds came bright and glad from the gardens below, and the sunlight streamed in, casting a rosy glow through the pink curtains which shaded the windows and touching up the pale cheek with a faint coloring. Maggie thought of the past, [illegible] them together—how they had met as little children; as girls—how differently placed!—at the theatre; and now, the one dying—the other how full of life and health and hope!

The sufferer started and opened her eyes with a dull, unrecognising glance. Maggie bent over her.

"Do you know me?" she said.

Alas, no, it seemed not; the look wandered round and round the room but rested nowhere; then she spoke.

"All gone," she said, in a despairing tone. "Gone away again, I knew it could not be real, and yet she was here and kissed me and wept over me. She said she was my sister—my sister," she repeated dreamily. "Where is she?"

"Here," said Maggie, raising her restless head upon her arm. "Here, close beside you—do you not know me?"

"Oh yes," she replied, a smile lighting up her wan face and the wandering look resting on the tearful, loving eyes which bent over her. "I remember it all now, but the time slips by so fast and it seems so long since you were here."

She closed her eyes again, and the supporting hand laid her gently down on the smooth pillows, and she seemed to sleep.

Maggie watched a little longer; and then the thin lips began to move, and she bent her ear to listen, thinking she was addressed. Alas, no; whether in delirium or sleep the feeble mind had wandered off to other days and different scenes, and poor, dying Madeline Lennox was once more the Juliet of the night, listening to rapturous applause and raising the splendid boquets of her many admirers.

"It is the nightingale and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings——"

"No, that's not the way, I never could do that scene—Loraine used to say I had no heart. Where is Lord Loraine?"

And then again—

"Art thou gone so love, lord, my husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day I' the hour,
For in love's hours there are many days."

"Love! ah, that has never been for me. Flattery! admiration! Diamonds and splendor, but not love. Every one loved *her*. She was good, they said. Barton said she was a *good* girl. Where's Barton? he promised me my mother; she'll love me."

Maggie spoke soothingly to her as her eyes, all unseeing, wandered listlessly round the room. Presently she began again:—

"Thank you, gentlemen, you flatter me, I'm sure; to Blackwall, then, and a merry meeting to us. Ah, what have they taken out of the river? Hide me! hide me! I will not come to that."

Maggie shuddered as she listened and recalled the terrible scene she remembered so well.

"Madeline," she said gently, "can you not look at me? You are here in your own comfortable bed, dear, and I am by your side."

"Yes," she replied, "I know you, Margaret Ross, the girl with the mark upon her hand. Ah, I heard what you said, Sepham! A short cut from champagne and diamonds to the—you're right, Mr. Saville, it's not polite to talk of such things before a lady—a lady! —of course I am a lady—Mrs. Saville, Rosa Villa. Talk of something else, I say. Give me some wine. Let us forget what we have seen. What have my diamonds to do with aught like her?"

Maggie could only weep in silence by her side and pray that the terrible thoughts which filled her poor brain might pass away and leave her at peace; and at last she seemed to rest, her weary eyes closed, and her tossing head and groping hands were still, and she slept, though great drops stood upon her forehead and every breath sounded hollow and sharp.

Alas, poor Madeline! Time for her was indeed slipping speedily away. Every stroke of the ticking clock which adorned the chimneypiece tolled off one of her fast lessening moments. Presently she woke, but did not speak; she lay looking wistfully round the pretty room, as if she would take a farewell of all the objects it contained, and tears gathered in her eyes and welled slowly down her poor, thin cheeks. After a long silence:—

"This time yesterday," she said faintly, speaking collectedly once more, "I thought I should die with no one to speak to me—no one to hold my hand or close my eyes; but you came, my sister, and you will stay, will you not?"

"Yes, yes," replied Maggie, the tears streaming down her cheeks "till—till you do not want me any more. Sleep, if you can, I will stay beside you."

She closed her eyes and seemed to doze again. The nurse entered, and was dismissed with a movement of Maggie's hand to seek the rest she needed; and another half hour passed by. Suddenly, the dying girl looked up full into Maggie's face.

"Sister," she said, and again the look of bewilderment passed over her countenance. "If you are my sister, where is my mother?"

And, as if in answer to the appeal the door opened and Lady Lorton stood upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XXI.

LADY LORTON ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY—THE SERVANT'S MISTAKE—IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH—ARRIVALS—LADY MARGARET DORNTON—THE LAST WORD—DEATH.

The countess had driven to Rosa Villa, as she had proposed on the preceding day to do, unattended, save by the coachman, an old servant of the Lortons, and had descended from her carriage a few yards from the gate, and entered unobtrusively on foot.

The door was opened to her by the younger servant, who, seeing a lady plainly dressed and with a thick veil through which no trace of her features could be seen, immediately imagined her to belong to the class of visitors she so objected to, and was barely civil.

"Her mistress was too ill to see any one," she averred, "too ill to speak, almost."

Lady Lorton partly guessed at the meaning of her strange reception. She had heard among some of her poor pensioners of the rooted antipathy the poor very generally entertain to what are called "district ladies," and she had endeavored as far as she could to undermine the prejudice wherever she found it. She knew the good done by some of the band of workers among the poor, who visit regularly in stated localities and find out the wants of their humble neighbors, and she knew also the harm done by others, who, with good will and clear heads, lack the warm hearts and kindly manners so necessary in dealing with those on whom poverty has laid its iron hand.

These ladies, with the best intentions, enter unannounced the houses of the poor, open the cupboards, find fault with the arrangements, rebuke the children, turn up their noses at the dirt, and scold the weary, half dead mother, because she lets her little ones have their own way. To these and such as these we would say—

"Keep out of the poor man's house. Help with your purse; bestow what aid you can afford, but leave the distribution to those who have sympathy on their tongues as well as in their hearts, who can lead them on to better things with a gentle tether, instead of driving them with a whip."

No one who has not endured it, felt from their very hearts, can tell the debasing, degrading influence of constant grinding poverty. A woman wants heart to clean her house, with her children crying for food around her; there is no pleasure in washing the shelves of a cupboard when there is no food to keep there. Starvation works morally as well as physically upon the poor. Lady Lorton had seen all this in her daily rounds of charities, and she hastened to relieve the girl's mind with regard to her being there as a charity visitor.

"I am a friend of Miss Somers," she said, "I saw her yesterday and I came to——"

"Please walk in, ma'am," said the girl. Miss Somers' name being an instant passport to her approval. "Missis will be very glad, I'm sure."

"I'd better see her maid first—I am the Countess of Lorton, will you tell her?"

"Yes ma'am—my lady," stammered the girl, in affright at the sight of a real live countess, and flying off, she dashed into Waters' room, where she was sitting and the nurse lying asleep, and informed her that the "Countess of Lorton has come to see missis, and that she'd took her for a district lady and been so impertinent to her."

"Well, you won't be transported for that," Waters replied in much amusement, "you'll just have to apologise, that's all. The Countess of Lorton," she said to herself, "what can she want here, I wonder?"

She was surprised at the plainly dressed and closely veiled figure of the once brilliant lady, but thought she had never heard a sweeter voice.

"I hope my visit will not be an intrusion," she said gently, "but my friend, Miss Somers, told me your mistress was very ill."

"Dying, my lady," said Waters; "she will hardly live the day out."

"So near as that—then I fear I shall be of no use or comfort to her; I may speak plainly to you, I see by the tears in your eyes. I came before I heard she was alone except her servants; that no one came near her now. You have been faithful to her, I know; you will be glad of it when she is gone."

"I see you know all about her, your ladyship, but you mustn't praise me; I've stayed with her because I was well paid for it. I should have gone with the rest, perhaps, if I hadn't, but I've got fond of her since she's lain there; it goes to my heart to hear her call for her mother, poor dear, and no one to answer. She wants for nothing that money can buy, but it cannot buy a mother's last blessing or the love that never ceases till the closing of the coffin lid."

"No, indeed," said the countess. "I am a mother myself, or perhaps I should not have been here now. I did not come intrusively or from curiosity, believe me. Has your mistress no mother?"

"I do not know, my lady; she said very strange things lately, called a young lady who came yesterday her sister and moaned and cried for her all night. She came again this morning and is with her now; a very pretty girl she is and very like my poor mistress."

"Mrs. Saville is very young, is she not?"

"Very, my lady; about one or two and twenty, not more, and very beautiful, golden hair and blue eyes like—like——"

"Like what?"

"I beg your pardon," said Waters confusedly, "I was going to say like your ladyship's."

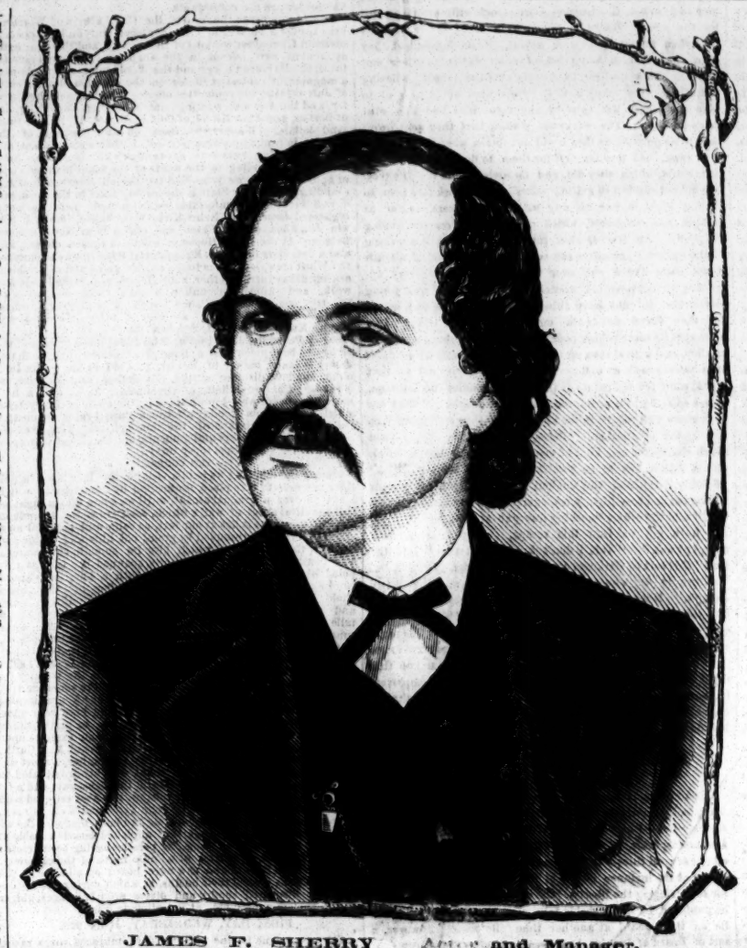
"No need to apologise; if she is so beautiful it is surely a compliment; I should like to have seen her."

"I am sure you can see her, my lady; she is past being disturbed, poor dear; but I'll slip up stairs and see."

She crept noiselessly up to the door of the room and peeped in. Maggie was sitting quite still by the side of the bed, and Mrs. Saville seemed to be asleep. Her only object being to see if all was in order, she did not speak, but returned as silently as she went.

Lady Lorton looked round the pretty parlor with a good deal of curiosity when she was alone.

"What wonder," she thought bitterly, "that girls turn from work and scanty fare to luxury like this! This poor girl has had at her command what the lifetime's work of any honest woman would not purchase, and has given nothing that was of any value or sacredness to her in exchange for it. There isn't a palace in the land furnished with greater elegance than this."



JAMES F. SHERRY Actor and Manager.

transparent fingers; the tears fell from her eyes as she did it; it was the kiss of a loving mother's forgiveness and sorrow, and with it died out in her pure mind all recollections of what the past had been to her dying child.

"Oh, Harold, to find her here, and thus!" she murmured to her husband, who was weeping like herself.

"Better so," he said gently, and it was better. Had they found their child a few months before, how terrible would the meeting have been. The thought of that made the loss less sorrowful now.

"See," the earl said at length, "she is waking."

They bent over her, but it seemed too late; they spoke to her, called her their child, their darling; but she looked at them with a dreamy, wondering look which comes when the world is slipping from our mortal grasp.

"You called your mother, my child," said the countess through her tears. "She is here, speaking to you—your mother and your father too."

The earl took the other hand and his touch seemed to rouse her. She opened her eyes, bright with the last of life's intelligence, looked with a full, reasoning glance from one to the other and then to Maggie—

"I know," she said: Sister! father! mother!"

It was the last effort; her head fell back as she spoke, and with the name on her lips which her poor, weary heart had so longed to speak, she died.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MARBLE DOG;

OR,

The Shower of Gold.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ronald Herman, a rich German merchant, settled in the metropolis, lay upon his death bed; and conscious of the near approach of that moment when the interests of this world would for ever cease to affect him, he summoned his son Achille to his bedside and thus addressed him:—

"Achille, I am about to go; and I wish my dying counsel in regard to your spendthrift habits could work that reform in you which I have so long prayed for and vainly labored to effect. To you I leave all I possess. You will be a wealthy man. You have inherited my liberality of nature; show to the world that it is not a curse, by exhibiting, through steady industry, that you inherit my judgment as well."

In grief and sincerity, Achille promised he would make a strenuous effort to check his imprudent impulses; and his father smiled and pressed his hand approvingly. With an anxious look his father said:—

"Try hard, my dear boy, to reform, and you will prosper. But should you fail, and fall to poverty, remember it as my dying injunction never to sell or part with my marble dog—that piece of sculpture so much admired by our friends and so much prized by me. Even if reduced to a condition of beggary, sell it not, but in that trying hour prove that you still have some respect for my wishes; and though famine and shame stare you in the face, dash it to pieces! This lingering proof of your filial fidelity will not be in vain; and [illegible] me when I [illegible] to do as he was enjoined; and in a few moments the hand he held was rigid and motionless in death.

The last sad rites having been performed at his father's grave, Achille returned to his lonely home. The property he inherited included money in bank, and the warehouse, the business of which was carried on in his own name.

With his ready money he went to Germany, where he remained two years, and easily managed to spend all he had with him.

He now returned to New York, and standing in the chamber where died his father, weeping, he again resolved to reform. Entering an apartment where for years had stood upon a pedestal the marble dog—a representation of a huge Newfoundland dog which his father once had owned—he laid his hand upon it and again swore never to part with it.

He disposed of the warehouse for a fair consideration in money, and with this, a handsome fortune in itself, he proposed to lead a life of "elegant leisure."

Awhile Achille Herman was simply liberal, not extravagant, but at the instance of certain harpies of his acquaintance he was finally lured into expensive outfits, superfluous luxuries dearly paid for, in order to rival the display of neighboring millionaires, whom his ambition was excited to excel; and by this course his income dwindled rapidly, and bills came in so astoundingly large, that to retrieve his error in that respect he allowed himself to be enticed into the more perilous one of gambling. In a very short time he lost all he possessed except his residence; when, in shame and grief, he found it necessary to sell the house, which now seemed to reproach him—every bare floor and papered wall.

Cursing his own folly and his tempters, Achille retired to his house in the country, resolving there to live and die.

"Here is shelter, and here are lands enough," he sighed, if any but a foreworn prodigal, a degraded spendthrift, will take proper care of them. Now that I have turned my back to New York, let me also renounce the madness which drove me thence. I may be happy yet."

But to this seclusion he was followed by one who, having long sunned himself in the prosperity of Achille, claimed his confidence on the score of being an "old particular friend."

"I lament your reverses," said the man, "as much as if they had been my own. Now I wish I had the power, as well as will, to restore all to you, especially as I have been enraged by the heartlessness of those pretended friends who formerly surrounded you, and who laughed and sneered at your reduced circumstances."

"Have they, indeed. I may yet live to be revenged," replied Achille, goaded to indignation."

"You may," returned the other with emphasis. "I cannot believe your lucky star has deserted you. What a triumph if you should, as many have done, regain all by the same means you lost it."

"But I have nothing now, except this estate," said Achille; "I cannot, I am determined not to risk it."

"You need not risk it," said the other. "I know some one who will lend me money, and I will borrow as if for myself; and to this I am impelled, not only from my friendship to you, but because of a dream which I have repeatedly had of late, prophetic of the full restoration of your good fortune. You can, at least, but try, while I am so willing to prove my faith, my gratitude and friendship."

Achille, with visions of the old house in New York in his possession again, felt his trust to luck renewed; and yielding, repaired with his adviser to New York once more. The loan was effected, a large sum placed in his hands, and, glowing with "great expectations," he again opened an account with capricious fortune. But a few hours sufficed to decide as to the wisdom of his hopes. In one night he had lost all he had received from his borrowing counsellor; and his own horror was now increased by the assumed despair of the other, who chafed and stamped and raved aloud that, "now he was ruined and he would shoot himself."

"No! you shall not lose by your confidence in my luck and your noble friendship for me," exclaimed Achille. "Rather than that I will stake house, land, all, all but the dog, for which I have refused a great sum in better times, and these I mean to risk to repay you and perhaps retrieve my own losses."

Play was resumed, and, in the reckless heat of that unlucky hour, he lost all. Pale and speechless he sat while his lender renewed his exclamations and threats of suicide more violently than before; on which the winner, apparently moved by the distress of the howling man, to remove his temptation to shoot himself, magnanimously refunded him the amount lent to Achille; and by him the loan was promptly paid—and, it is hardly necessary to say, paid from one conspirator to another.

This done, with a deadly chill in his soul, Achille went home—home no more—comparatively a beggar, to surrender his property, and then go forth to meet his fate as best he might.

While awaiting the arrival of the new owner, the ruined man was standing beside the marble dog; now about his sole property, and pondering what best to do almost his sole property, and pondering what best to do almost his sole property, and pondering what best to do almost

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ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

BASE BALL, Rockford.—"A, on second base; B, at bat, makes long bat and starts for home run. A comes in slowly with plenty of time, but B, running very fast, passes A just before he reaches home base, touching it an instant before A, but both getting in plenty of time before ball is fielded in. Ball comes in and catcher touches both A and B, claiming both out because B passed A, say perhaps six feet from home. How is it? Are either or both out? 2. A bets B club I will make as many runs on first innings as club B, and that club A will make as many home runs as club B. Neither club score on first innings bet on; both whitewashed, and neither club make a home run. Are the bets a draw or not?" .....1. Both runs score. 2. It is a draw.

CAPTAIN, B ston—1. "A bets B that the Harvard will not beat the Athletic Base Ball Club of South Boston, fifteen tallies. They play and the Athletic Club are two men short, so two of the Harvard second nine play. The Harvards also go on the field with the seven men, and take two of their second nine to fill up. The score was Harvards, 65; Athletics, 2. Who wins? 2. C. bets D that the Lowell Base Ball Club will beat the Harvards on the Common, July 17th. After they get on the Common they decide to play a practice game, as three of the Lowell men were sick. They play, and the Harvards win by 39 to 26 for the Lowells. Who wins?".....1. B wins. 2. It is a draw.

G. A. B., Brookfield, Mass.—"B and M sit down to play a game of seven up. M has a hand with neither ace, face nor trump, which he refuses to play, and bets that, according to Hoyle, he can demand a new hand on the ground that his cards are without those named. Please decide.".....M is wrong, and loses the bet, there being no rule in Hoyle giving the privilege of demanding a new hand when that already dealt contains neither ace, face nor trump.

C. HORNY, Nehansville, Ohio.—"A and C are playing seven-up; A is six, C's four. A deals; C stands and catches A's Jack. The Jack being lowest card, C claims that he is high, low, Jack. A contends that low counts for him, notwithstanding C took it. Who wins?".....1. A wins, as the Jack counts low for him. 2 The player next the dealer secres game.

E. C., Sharnburg.—1. There is no champion clog dancer. Opinions are divided as to the relative merits of Dick Sands and several others. 2. They never had a public contest for superiority. 3. Write to Thompson and Riggs, of this city. Their address will be found elsewhere.

HEN B.—1. The retirement of Dick Hollwood leaves the feather weight championship vacant. 2. Both men profess to be desirous of such a consummation, and we think it likely that satisfactory arrangements will be made as soon as a meeting is held.

MRS. M. E. D., Ellenburg.—We cannot give you any information of his whereabouts for two reasons; first, you do not say what show he is traveling with, and secondly, he is no doubt traveling by another name.

E. B., Watertown, N. Y.—The battle between Australian Kelly and Jem Smith is the longest authenticated prize ring encounter upon record, the reported fight between Dan Dalton and an Unknown requiring confirmation.

T., Cincinnati, O.—"I bet G $15 to $5 that President Johnson would not be convicted. G claims the bet to be off, but leaves the decision to you.".....As President Johnson was not convicted, you win the bet.

S. H.—"A bets that the President will be found guilty on the impeachment articles, and, in consequence, be deposed. B bets that he will be acquit.ed. Who has won the bet? Is it a drawn bet?"..... Our opinion is that B wins.

DRAW POKER.—The pack having been played with for so long and no objection made and there being no evidence or suspicion of fraud by any player, the objection of the loser cannot be entertained.

J. J. M., Syracuse, N. Y.—You will find your question answered in an advertisement in another column. Read the CLIPPER.

C. H. V., Willow Island, Nebraska.—We will name your application to some of the leading trainers at the Saratoga meeting.

W. H. P., Buffalo.—Our opinion is that no player has a right to go alone when a partner offers to assist. In some localities, however, custom gives him the privilege.

MAJOR, U. S. A.—Grant is the first man who has ever held the full commission of General. Scott was Lieutenant General and Washington commander of the forces.

SCULL, Provi ence, R. I.—There are no such rules published, nor have any been framed for the general government of races in this country.

A FRIEND, Chillicothe.—1. We understand that he is betting on Gen. Grant. 2. We do not know how he goes touching the State.

HARRISON, New York.—1. Flora Temple is not dead. 2. She is at her owner's, Mr. Welch, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. 3. Yes, Flora is over that age and has just had a foal.

F. D., Elizabeth.—1. You cannot stunt the dog without materially injuring him. 2. Use clubs, dumb bells, walking exercise, etc., regularly, and live temperately.

AGNES, Boston.—1. She is the wife of M. B. Pike, and at present is in this city. 2. See our dramatic summary for the whereabouts of the company. 3. That is his real name.

R. T.—The Atlantics ... yards in 1 minute and 39 seconds. 2. Yes, but as it was not in a winning heat the time does not go upon the record.

H. H., Montreal.—It is a hard case, but being a private matter between yourselves, it would scarcely be proper for us to interfere.

J. F. H., Boston, Mass—Five miles, 35:10, by Josh Ward, on the Staten Island Course. Three miles, 22:27, by James Hamill, in his first race with Josh Ward, on the Schuykill.

TOBY, Bridgeport.—The rule says that when a player revokes, the adversaries add two points to their game.

G. T. D.—It is the first intimation we have had of your "exciting match."

JAMES.—Make application in person or by letter to the *ballet* masters of the Olympic or Niblo's Garden.

A. B. W.—The only parties who teach that instrument advertise in the CLIPPER.

SPORT, Chatham, O.—The fastest running time made by a horse was by Gladiateur, 1:39½.

J. L. S., Edinboro.—We cannot give you the amounts the parties referred to pay taxes on.

J. S. K., Boston.—To the best of our belief she never played the character.

T. H. H., Haverhill.—It lies between the Atlantics, Athletics and Unions.

R. B., Akron.—The item should have been authenticated with your proper name.

SINCLAIR, Boston.—To the best of our belief she is not married.

G. W. G., Cincinnati.—At present in this city. Send a letter to this office and she will receive it in time.

E. A. W., St. Joseph.—We have not received any packages by express for Mr. Adams.

A. S., Providence.—Which accounts for our not having seen the work.

FRANK R.—To publish your report of a cricket match played on July 4th at this late date would not be news.

S. H. W., New Haven.—It is a catch bet and should be drawn.

CLIPPER READER, Oswego.—He is at present in this city. A letter sent to this office will reach him.

T. T. Y., Philadelphia.—Not having access to the books of the various papers, we cannot undertake to decide your bet.

H. G.—Yankee Sullivan taught Bob Caunt in May, 1847, at Harper's Ferry, for $1,000 a side.

W. J. H.—Dexter and Ethan Allen and mate trotted on the Fashion Course, L. I., June 21st, 1867.

S. H., Troy.—The agents are Willmer & Rogers, No. 47 Nassau street, this city.

F. B. T., Weymouth, Mass.,—Send to 300 Mulberry street, where they know more about such things than we do.

W. H. B., Waterloo, N. Y.—Write to W. B. Harrison, No. 5 Bowling Green, N. Y., and he will tell you precisely.

H. P. I., Fulton, N. Y.—It is not an umpire's duty to call a "dead ball" when made so by being stopped by an outsider.

H. C.—Pay no attention to it. Coming from such a source it cannot harm you.

M. E., Philad'a.—A forfeit should have accompanied your challenge.

PAINTED POST.—C had no right to assist after the trump had been turned down.

MIDDLEMAN, Philadelphia.—Three hundred dollars worth would give you a good start.

SCRIBNER, Morris.—We cannot tell you where to obtain the rules of pigeon shooting.

CAIRO.—Dexter was foaled in Orange County, N. Y., Flora Temple in Oneida County, N. Y.

J. M., Phila.—A player can demand the right to shuffle, but the dealer is entitled to shuffle last.

P. R. C., Chicago.—B being the non-dealer, takes the count in the event of a tie.

ARK, Philadelphia, Pa.—We have heard of no such occurrence.

ALPHONSE.—Will probably appear in our next.

T. J. B., Indianapolis.—Flora Temple is still living.

J. D. A., Toronto.—Dan Rice was born in New York.

W. D. C., Wheeling.—Send to this office for it.

SPORT, Skowhegan.—She is a stock actress, not a star.

OSMAN.—Money received all right.

R. H., Akron, O.—He is a pedestrian.

F. S. H., New Haven.—See answer to S. H. W.

SHORT STOP.—Have booked you.

F. C., New Bedford.—Received and will be read shortly.

MAC, Grand Haven.—Eclipse never ran a mile in a minute.

NEW YORK CITY is bereft of many of its great attractions, and Broadway is shorn of its brilliancy. We miss the well-dressed gambolier, the gay and luscious looking *demi-monde*, the butterfly school girl, the belles of Fifth Avenue, etc. All are among the absentees. Even the pickpockets and professional thieves are thinned out, and there is a dullness on the great thoroughfare that plainly marks the absence of New York's representative people. Nymphs, belles, gamblers, thieves, all are mingling together as one great family of a great city at the seaside and other summer retreats.

BAD BOY.—Recently a youth of 19, named Jeremiah Harping, forged his employer's name to the extent of $2,500, and then vanished "like the *mist* of the morning," and was not *missed* until he was beyond reach. His father, rich but close, was forced to make good the amount, which was a *sore* affliction as his friends *saw*. On one of them asking him how much his loss was, the old man replied:—"On account of this *forgery* I had to pay for Jerry $2,500." And it is said that the old man has been *Harping* on that strain ever since.

HEALTHY.—Julesburg, one of the magic cities on the line of the Pacific railroad, must be a nice place to tie up to, for of one hundred and fifty deaths occurring there during the six months of its existence, only *one* was the result of disease. Certainly Julesburg must be a wholesome town if there was but one *decease* from *disease* in all that time. "Our Jim" wants to know "what caused the early decease of the other fellows."

ABOUT MR. PEABODY'S FUND.—Rev. Dr. Seers, agent of the Peabody Educational Fund, met with a cordial reception in Mississippi, where he expressed the hope to make the tour of the South with Mr. Peabody next winter. It requires no *Seers* to foretell the *profits* to the South flowing out of this noble gift of Mr. Peabody.

FORTUNE TELLING.

There is food for thought in the fact that our papers still teem with the advertisements of men and women who profess to forecast the future by the aid of the stars, some peculiarity of birth, magic pebbles, palmistry, or some such popular auxiliary to divination. In the most remote periods—those which were the of the darkest barbarism—these people were revered, these arts respected and believed. There can be no doubt that the pretense to supernal powers was fostered, perhaps generated, by the ignorance and credulity of man in his uncultivated condition; and it is equally certain that civilization was thereby seriously retarded; for, as the fanaticism of the vulgar alone gave importance to the astrologer or the demonologist, it was the interest and aim of such person to use his vast influence to encourage that fanaticism. It is certainly true that these occult arts still to an extent survive; the advance of civilization has not, as yet, been far enough altogether to abolish even patent superstition. But it by no means follows that belief in such things is not fast decreasing, especially in the more enlightened countries. Divination by cards, for example, is now the resource of the vagabond mountebank or traveling gipsy; while as late as the seventeenth century it was practiced at the Court of France. There is an anecdote extant of the gloom which was cast over the circle of Anne of Austria by the obstinacy with which the Knave of Spades—the sure emblem of a speedy death—persisted in falling to the lot of the young and brilliant Duc de Caudale. The random prophecy was very shortly thereafter fulfilled, so report went, and afforded a copious theme for warnings and lamentations. Such chance fulfillments as these have great weight with all but the most reflective; and yet they are entitled to little or none. The truth of the matter is, that a prediction which may prove false, as nine-tenths of them do, is never remembered, while that tenth one which chances to be correct is extensively paraded.

We remember an instance illustrative of this, which came under our own observation. An old contraband, a venerable specimen of the down south darkey, and a queer admixture of simplicity and shrewdness, entered the camp of an outpost of an Ohio regiment. He professed very confidently to be able to read the future by the aid of cards, and boldly told a certain lieutenant that he was near his death, and that it would be bloody. As the regiment was then every day expecting an attack from a superior force of the enemy, this was probably nothing more than hazarding a not very remarkable guess. Two days afterwards came a battle and the officer was killed. The negro became a prophet at once, and was duly, or rather unduly, honored. Now another of his "revelations" was forgotten. At the same time with the Lieutenant a young sergeant (who was a married man) was enlightened as to his futurity. He was informed that he was in love with a young lady of dark complexion and eyes, whom he wished to marry, but had not money enough, etc. The negro was cunningly attempting to read the soldier's countenance, and displayed considerable address, but the latter was adroit enough to completely mislead him. The whole thing was absurdly false, yet the fortune teller's reputation was hardly impaired by this and similar failures.

Many once-supposed methods of prying into the future are now utterly forgotten. Augury, or divination by flights of birds, a favorite resource in Rome from Romulus to Julian, has in modern times fallen into entire disuse. The interpretation of dreams, which in days of yore was reduced to a perfect system, with the exception of the use made of them by policy players, remains now but in a few indistinct and unconnected maxims, scarcely sufficient to disturb the slumbers of a village maid; and even these differ in different localities. Palmistry has been far better preserved, and this fact is probably due to its simplicity. It came originally from the east and has since been fostered principally by that wandering and mysterious race, the gipsies. A very similar superstition prevails to this day among modern eastern nations. They believe that every man's destiny is written on his forehead, literally as well as metaphorically, though they scarcely pretend to the power of interpreting the decrees by its external symptoms. The mind of man is naturally inclined to credulity, of a certainty. There is a deep-set fascination in tales which deal in the marvelous, even when our reason cries out against their possibility. We lean towards them with a sort of fondness which seems to say we would believe if we could. Paradoxical as it may sound, we opine that the feeling which sent the ancient to his oracle, and that which draws the modern reader to the weird, sensational literature of the hour, spring from a very similar source. The *furore* about the new "Planchette," the more than half belief in its random prophecies, would also seem to indicate that the days of superstition are hardly altogether of the dead past.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TORMENTORS.

The "commentators" (as they are termed who have been for so many years earning a livelihood by picking to pieces the posthumous fame of William Shakespeare) were supposed to have completed their work of demolition, having for some time past retired into the shades of private life, when by the editors of the English critical press, to whom the name of Shakespeare has proved a talisman leading to mines of wealth, all at once a new denying the existence of Shakespeare, but they must add insult to injury by depriving any one person of the credit of authorship and resolving the plays which have become immortal by association with the Sweet Swan of Avon into the miscellaneous contents of an ancient manager's repertory? Shakespeare has not left behind him many personal reminiscences of himself aside from his plays, being, as actors invariably are, exceedingly unobtrusive and reticent in private life; but we need no better evidence of his personality than the entire unity and similarity of sentiment and expression which pervade his productions from beginning to end, the poems inclusive, which are so unlike to anything else in the world of literature that it is impossible they should have emanated from any other person and which bear in every line the impress of a mighty master-mind. Several years since a western legal luminary published a volume, written with the purpose of showing that *Lord Bacon* was the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. This prejudiced exponent might have seen, had he possessed one half the scholarship he laid claim to, that the supposed similarity of thought and expression pervading the works of both was simply the result of a course of reading which seems to have been common with the intellectual minds of the age, and which latter, like the books they read, were very limited in number. Attempts have even been made to deprive the bard of his claims to originality, because in several instances he had made use of a number of romantic stories afloat in his day as plots or ground-work for his pieces. As well condemn the manufacturers of silks and tapestries, as well sneer down the artist, because they were not the actual creators of the materials from which their ingenious fabrics were woven! In speaking of "commentators," be it observed, we do not allude to men like our own Gulian C. Verplanck and Richard Grant White, who assumed their task as a labor of love, and sought to elucidate rather than to involve in obscurity passages the meaning of which is apparent to ordinary minds, or to question the existence of a being of whom exist memorials so striking as his tomb in Westminster Abbey, and the lines in which Ben Jonson has so felicitously embalmed the genius and the social qualities of his brother poet. As for the alleged humility of his earlier calling, as in conflict with his assumed ability, it is only necessary to refer to the fact that in all ages the highest lights of the drama were drawn from the obscurest walks of life, wherein they learned their mimicry of nature—many of them having commenced as low as supernumeraries, bill posters, street musicians, servants, orange venders and the like. Therefore we are not at all staggered in our belief when we are vaguely assured by believers that Shakespeare held gentlemen's horses at the doors of the theatre on his first arrival in London. He may possibly have tried his hand at half a dozen callings before he got hold of the right one. This by the way. An article in a late number of the *Athenæum* (published in this issue of the CLIPPER) contains some disclosures, based upon the discovery of more "original documents," found (as usual in an "old trunk") among the forgotten papers of Somerset House, and in which documents (being "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First, from the office books of the Masters and Yeomen") the names of a number of Shakespeare's plays are recorded, without any mention of the author other than the name appended in a different "hand of write"—intimating that these works may have been the production of various authors, not withstanding the self-evident circumstance that they all sprang from the same almost inspired mind. Not only do these Shakespearean controversialists fail of establishing their point, but in every instance, it appears to us, they simply succeeded in exposing their own lack of sense.

"THE CRACK SHOT."—A fresh sporting publication has just been introduced to public notice by W. A. Townsend & Adams, of 434 Broome street, this city. It bears the title of "The Crack Shot; or, Young Rifleman's Complete Guide," and embraces well written articles on the general principles of firing and motion of projectiles, rifles and rifling, breech-loaders, the bison, the moose, deer, hound, turkey shooting, etc. It is neatly printed, on good paper, is illustrated, and must prove a valuable assistant to all who take an interest in the rifle and the sport connected therewith.

FEATS OF MAGIC.—That was a sharp trick recently played by a magician in St. Louis, when he told the audience that he would permit any one to shoot at him, and then went behind the scene to prepare for the dangerous performance. How *cheap* the *dear* patrons must have felt when it *appeared* that he had *disappeared* with their money. He was not *seen* again after he went behind the *scene*, or some of the deluded ones would have been *led* to put an ounce of *lead* into his unmanly frame.

A TOILET ARTICLE.—Is it not a queer way to *dress* a chicken, to take off it's coat, tail and all? It may be the way, however, to make it "fit." The poor thing is always made to pay for the luxury of appearing at the table, too, for it is generally well "done'd" and "boned," also. It is scarcely necessary to add that it is generally overcome by the *cat*.

PROLIFIC.—The help mate of a laborer, in Cincinnati, lately give birth to three bouncing boys. We should call that quite a little "son shower!"

A STRIKING ARTICLE.

THIS seems to be a season of strikes, here, there and everywhere. The bricklayers are at loggerheads with the master masons, and but few of the *layers* of brick can be *pressed* into *laying* brick for *money*, although they are *laying* round for *nothing*; in fact, they may now, in their *laying* off, be appropriately called *back strikers*. The tailors, too, threaten to *sew up* their bosses ere long, and give them such a *basting* as they will not soon forget. Although a tailor is said to be the *ninth part of a man*, nevertheless he scarcely gets the *ninth part of a man's* wages. "A stitch in time saves nine" is an old saying, and the *common sewers* threaten to unite as *common suers* for an increase of wages. In the coal regions of Pennsylvania, the *miners*—the *major* portion of whom are not minors—formed a *coal*-ition, and demanded a reduction in their hours of labor; but their employers were not I' the *vein*, and refused; thereupon the miners gave them a *blast* and *put out* the fires, leaving the mines in a *coal*-apsed state. The governor ordered the military to proceed to the infected district, and, fearing that the soldier's fire might put out the miner's fire and make a *coal* corpse of him, the *strikers* merely *beat* a retreat and the result was nobody hurt. But the most alarming strike of all was that recently started in Philadelphia by the operatives of the *gas* works. Ah, that was no laughing gas matter; none of your frivolous, *light* movements that shine for a little while and then go out, leaving everything darker than ever. No, no, the gas strike was nothing of the sort. It appears that the employees of the gas works suddenly came to the *conclusion* to bring their labors to a *conclusion* and compel the *low trustees* to *hire* them again at *higher* wages; so they asked of the trustees an *advance* of pay, informing them in *advance* that if they did not obtain the *advance* they would *retreat* at once from the *works* according to the *faith* they had religiously pledged to one another. On learning that the men had *struck*, the trustees were *struck* with astonishment, for the *present Board* had never been *bored* before, at least not when any of them were *absent*. Never *before* had they been charged with being *behind* their duties to their employees. They declined to comply with the *request*, believing that there were many men in *request* who would be glad to take the places left *open* by the men who had thus *shut down* on them. The workmen, *finding* that they were *losing* time to no purpose, as they could not obtain what they thought to be *right*, had nothing *left* for them to do but to *withdraw* their *claim*, which they did, and *themselves with it*. The trustees did not succeed in getting other men to work for them, so that at *night* it was *all day* with the Quakers, as far as gaslight was *concerned*, which caused much *concern* among the people. An Irish-Quaker remarked to us, while speaking of the subject, "you never saw such darkness;" and of a truth it did hang like a *pall* over the city, which was very ap*pall*-ing to nervous old women, as well as to *divers* young lovers, who did not have things go so *swimmingly* as usual, for they dared not walk out to *court* lest they might be *caught* by some robber pouncing upon them from some *court* or alley, and with sinews of *iron stealing* their valuables *Communicative* people as well as others had to *keep dark* on that night; some few *lighted up* at the *sight* of candles and kerosene. It was edifying to hear the remarks of the people. "What are your *views* with regard to the stopping of the gas?" asked one old Quaker of another. "*Views*," growled the other; "not much chance for *any* kind of *views* when it is as dark as *pitch*, and a fellow has to go *pitching* about for want of light." "Exactly," rejoined the Quaker, "the wrath of the people will be exalted to a high *pitch* against the trustees." "Trustees!" said the other, "nothing *trusty* about them, or they would not have got us into this scrape. Why it is as dark as Egypt was." "Well, I don't know about that," said the first, "*that* sort of darkness could be *felt*; we can't *feel* this, but we have to *feel our way* by reason of it, and that is bad enough." It was gratifying to see that though they could not help *feeling bad* about the darkness, their *good feeling* toward each other was not affected by it. The day succeeding this night of darkness, the Trustees were *obliged* to give the advance asked for, for which the workmen were much *obliged*, and on that night *light* once more *delighted* the people, and the employees have ever since been treated *politely*. It is to be hoped that no such calamity will fall upon this *enlightened* city while the striking mania is upon us.

TRIBULATIONS OF THE POLICE.

Our municipals appear, of late, to have a hard time of it, being badgered nearly to death if they *do* arrest a criminal and severely hauled over the coals if they don't. Only a few days ago, an inspector, of our sister City of Brooklyn, having pointed out several thieves to the passengers of a steamboat, was arrested at the instance of one of the number, and is to be tried for so infringing the liberty of the person. If the officer should be punished, he will probably take care how he places the public on their guard at another time. Before this, however, a sort of Board of Inquiry had been instituted in our own city, composed of the Police Commissioners, who try all charges and complaints for a chance to "put something" on the policemen, it may be imagined that there is no lack of business to occupy this informal court. Officers are brought before it, sometimes, on the most frivolous pretexts. A single policeman, unaided, attempts, with no weapons but his natural arms and his locust, to arrest an infuriated wretch whom he has caught in the commission of a dangerous assault. Of course, the "gorilla" resists, and is proceeding to serve the officer with a dose of the same, when the latter, by a tap of his *baton*, subdues the aggressor to reason and leads him off to the station house, like a sheep to the slaughter. Another hears a quarrel and a scuffle in progress, and, entering the house in which it is transpiring for the purpose of quelling it, is complained of by the guilty parties for intruding without a warrant. A third is seen imbibing in a public house, to overcome fatigue and thirst, when straightway he is summoned on suspicion of intoxication. If he winks inadvertently at a passer by (especially if that passer be a female, he is taken to task for a breach of decorum. If he enforces the provisions of the license act, he places his life in jeopardy at the hands of the parties arrested. And yet, for all this, if conscientious, he is remunerated at a rate that would precipitate a "strike" on the part of a day laborer. Doubtless there may be bad policemen, as some such are, for certain purposes, necessarily employed upon the force, but the department, as an entirety is excellent and efficient, and the arrest of so many of them on frivolous pretexts by persons of notoriously evil character, is only calculated to bring the whole system into contempt and to impair its usefulness.

BOLD JOURNALIST-S—Six liberal journals have recently been started in the departments of France, and one of them, at Lyons, bears the bold title *L'Avenir Democratique* or the *Democratic Future*. They will have to be careful or Nap may put them *pas*: any operations in the *future*. The editor of the *Lyons* paper must have a *lion's* heart to run the risk, for it is Nap's *style* to put all such offenders in the Bastile.

SHOWING 'EM ROUND.—Mr. Longfellow and his party are visiting the seats of noblemen and places of interest in England, and are said to be received with *marked* attention; which means, we suppose, that they have many *marks* of respect shown them, and many *remarks* passed upon them all owing to their being a *remarkable* party; because, you will notice, there are no *short* men in the crowd, they being a *Long-fellow's* party.

MUFFS.—The *Herald*, in reporting a base ball match which took place in this vicinity on the 25th July, says of one of the nines:—"Such muffinism as they displayed would be a credit to the talking members of the St. George Cricket Club." Well played.

NO REST FOR THE WEARY.—Don't have your chairs covered with plush or haireloth, for in that case they can never be *satin*. Don't you *see't?*

THE CANINE CANON says:—"No boy may seize a dog unless he has reached the age of eighteen." Which, the boy or the dog?

AN IR-RAT-IONAL AFFECTION.—A few days ago, says the Louisville *Journal*, the attention of the matron of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, situated on Fifth street, was directed to her little boy, a child four or five years of age, who was seated in the yard gaily and busily feeding a large rat that had climbed upon his shoulder, while both parties appeared to be on the most friendly and familiar terms possible. Upon inquiry, she learned that this acquaintance had commenced nearly six weeks ago, and that frequent meetings had since occurred between them. About midnight on Saturday last the lady was awakened by the child, and informed by it that "there was a rat in bed." As may be readily believed, she sprang hastily out, and lighting the gas, found the rat snugly ensconced in the arms of her darling! Of course the animal was quickly put to flight, and since that time no new developments in this strange attachment have occurred. That this little boy should be singled out from a group of forty or fifty children as the object of this animal's affection seems strange.

CANINE SAGACITY.—Not long since MR. B——, residing in one of the interior counties of Missouri, left her home on a visit to some relatives living in Henry county, Ky., taking with her a favorite dog. On arriving in Louisville she missed her pet, and search and inquiry failing to elicit aught concerning him, she was compelled to continue her journey without him. Fourteen days after the lady had left her home the family were surprised at the re-appearance of "Fido," whom they thought worrying the pigs or "baying the moon" in far-off Kentucky. Not less than 900 miles had been traversed by his dogship, and when it is remembered that he had been brought thither by rail, and could have had no trail to lead him back to his old quarters; that the broad Ohio and the still broader Mississippi, not to mention hundreds of streams of similar proportions, lay between him and his puppyhood's home, the journey was a remarkable one, and as such must ever distinguish this "dumb brute" as a remarkable dog.

SHARP TARGET PRACTICE.—An eye witness gives the following account of Prince Napoleon's visit to the arsenal at Vienna. When he arrived at the buts the colonel in command ordered two men to shoot with the Wenal musket at the target, three hundred paces distant. The two men fired forty-three balls in one minute, without missing once. The Prince and the other officers of his suite were extremely surprised at this result; he had asked whether the Austrian breech-loaders could fire seven times a minute, and he saw himself that they did three times as many.

CRICKET IN MONTREAL.—In a game played on the Garrison ground, at Montreal, C. E., on the 22d July, between the Eleven and Twenty-two, the latter scored 129 to the Eleven 49, one innings each.

AQUATICS.

RACE WEEK AT WORCESTER.

THE COLLEGE AND CITIZENS REGATTA.

AN IMMENSE CROWD PRESENT.

The Ward Brothers Beat the Harvards.

QUICKEST TIME ON RECORD.

Tyler the Winner of the Two Mile Match.

HARVARD VICTORIOUS OVER YALE.

ANOTHER RIOT AMONG THE STUDENTS.

Once a year the staid denizens of the old, ordinarily quiet inland town of Worcester, Mass., located on the line of the Boston and Albany Railroad, about forty-two miles distant from the Hub of the Universe, are provided with a real, unmistakable "sensation"—the annual regatta between the Colleges of Harvard and Yale, which, since the first regular contest between crews chosen from these representative seats of education of America, in the year 1859, have been decided upon the waters of Lake Quinsigamond. It is the chief event of the character among us, and from the growing interest which, of late, has been manifested therein, it is not unreasonable to predict that, if the representative boatmen of the colleges continue to exhibit a similar spirit of ambition to that they have shown during the past two years, ere long this race will be regarded by all classes, as of equal importance with that which annually crowds the banks and bridges of the dirty Thames, and in which Oxford and Cambridge are the contestants.

To add interest to the regatta, the City Fathers of Worcester usually offer a number of prizes for local craft and professional oarsmen of the various sections of the country, and this year extra attractions were offered in the shape of a six-oared race between the Harvard College and the Ward crews, who made such a magnificent contest at Boston on the occasion of the Fourth of July regatta, the committee offering a handsome prize therefor, and the two mile sculing match between John Tyler, Jr., of Boston, and John Mekiel, of Cold Spring, N. Y., for one thousand dollars. We arrived there on the 22d ult., in company with a number of other metropolitans, and after refreshing ourselves outwardly with Worcester lime-water, and attending to the wants of the inner man by a trial of Spurr's *cuisine*, we proceeded to take an observation of surroundings. The Bay State is the leading hotel in the town, and a well furnished, comfortable establishment; here we found registered James Lee, Nelse Kirk, Wm. Blakie, Daniel J. Kirwin, Jim Shea, Geo. McCloud, and others in New York and Boston. Opposite the Waldo House, a couple of squares distant, and also a first class hotel (ask McDermott if it isn't), we encountered the Ward crew, looking as tough as pine knots and as confident as they always are, together with Mekiel, who looked pale and weak, and altogether unlike a man who was so soon to try his powers against such a strapping, robust young fellow as Tyler, as also Charley Moore, Henry Munn, Mike McDermott, Stephen Roberts, W. E. Harding, Charley Peverelly, John Biglin, John Blew, *alias* "Shang," the coxswain of the boat puller and a number of others from Gotham; Jim Delaney, backer of Mekiel, of Cold Spring; Tim Donohue, the long distance skatist, Edmundson and Maguire, of Newburg; Charley Elliott, of Greenpoint, L. I., and a host more personages well known in aquatic circles. Every train which arrived from Monday afternoon until Friday augmented the number of visitors until the thoroughfares were over run with sporting characters and students, and the city of Worcester for the nonce was turned topsy turvy.

THE COURSE.

During the morning we paid a visit to the lake upon which the races were to take place, proceeding by the highway which leads us over a gradual ascent, until we come within sight of this beautiful sheet of water which, seen from the summit of the hill, seems, as it lies at our feet, as calm and peaceful as a maiden's dream, surrounded by grand old hills and hedged in by trees, the branches of which kiss its smooth, clear waters. The floating bridge which formerly spanned the lake at this point has been replaced since '60, with a fine, substantial causeway, from which an excellent view of the races could be obtained. The lake is about three miles and a quarter in length, and three quarters of a mile in width at the widest portion, is some ninety feet deep at the point where the mile stake was placed, and being so land-locked that it is very seldom it is disturbed by the wind, being without a current, and the shores so wide a more perfect better place could not be found in the country for a three mile race, save the Charles river or the course or Troy above the dam. A number of boat houses are located on the western shore below the causeway, and here were quartered the boats of the various crews who were to participate in the races, which morning and evening took their exercise upon the water. The Yales stopped at the farmhouse of Mrs. Curtis, adjacent to the lake, and the Harvards at another, a short distance away. The Quinsigamond Hotel, delightfully situated on a projecting point at the south side of the causeway, and a favorite resort during the summer solstice, was also crowded with guests, among the number being John Tyler and Walter Brown. Preparations upon an extensive scale had been made for the accommodation of visitors; seats of unplaned boards capable of affording room for three thousand persons having been erected at Regatta Point, a quarter of a mile north of the causeway. The sounds of the axe and saw were heard on all sides as the shrewd Yanks erected their booths, at which during the festivities were dispensed sundry and divers mild beverages, ginger snaps, cholera apples, etc., at extortionate prices.

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 22D.

The programme for the opening day embraced three races, two for Worcester boats and that between the Ward brothers and Harvard crew, but the two former events excited little interest, as Boston, on the Fourth, caused the result of the second to be regarded as a foregone conclusion in their favor, and, consequently, the interest manifested therein was much less than it would have had they never previously encountered each other, and the attendance of spectators was meagre in comparison to that which annually renders animated the banks of Lake Quinsigamond when the College athletes contend for victory upon its unruffled bosom. The appearance of the heavens on this morning portended rain, but toward noon the overhanging clouds broke up and cleared away, the sun shone forth unrestrictedly and the spirits of those who had become depressed in anticipation of a probable compulsory postponement of the event rose again like the mercury in the days when the dog star reigns supreme and mint julep, sherry cobblers and other cooling beverages are especially to be recommended to thirsty humanity. By a wise forethought on the part of the Citizens' Committee, a number of water carts were busily engaged during the forenoon in profusely sprinkling the rugged road leading to the lake, and although their commendable efforts were not altogether effectual in subsiding and keeping under the terrible dust of many weeks, they are none the less deserving of credit for this endeavor to ensure the comfort of the public. The Boston and Albany road ran special trains every twenty minutes after half-past one o'clock, P. M., from the Worcester depot to "Lake Signal," where a commodious marquee had been erected for the purpose of sheltering those who might be compelled to await the arrival of the cars from the too warm embrace of Old Sol, as well as save them from such a drenching as they received during the two previous years; tickets were sold for twenty-five cents a head, and as this was much the quicker as well as the pleasanter method of reaching the scene of action, the road was well patronized. Many, however, preferred to endure the sultry and dust-smothering process incidental to travel on the highway, and from shortly past noon until after the first gun had been fired this route was lined with vehicles, carriages, buggies, light wagons, hacks, stages, go-carts, dilapidated looking wagons, with boards for seats and horse blankets for cushions—in fact, every imaginable arrangement in the shape of a conveyance which could possibly be improvised by the enterprising and avaricious Worcesterians were made to do service upon the occasion—all laden down with pleasure seeking gallant youths, sprightly damsels and others of more mature age, who laughed, joked and chatted as they rattled along, utterly regardless of the clouds of dust which, disturbed by the clattering hoofs and whirring wheels, enveloped them, filling their eyes, ears, mouths and nostrils and whitening their carefully brushed apparel. The crowd at the course in all numbered about four thousand persons, a little over one-third of whom were gathered at the grand stand, nearly as many more at a point just above, and the balance took up their positions on the causeway, the balconies of the Quinsigamond House and the banks of the lake in the immediate vicinity of the starting point, where were collected a number of skiffs filled with rustics from the surrounding country to secure additional favor in their eyes by a display of proficiency with the sprues, though judging from the appearance of some of the oarsmen rowers, they regretted sorely their bargain ere they had half satisfied the desire of the dear creatures for a "row on the lake." Scattered here and there through the assemblage, conspicuous by their scarfs, hat bands and ribbons of magenta, were the friends of Harvard, those who affected the distinguishing color most lavishly being youths just emerging from their teens. A few there were who wore the light blue of Yale, but in consequence of the commencement at the College taking place, they were completely overshadowed by the representatives of the rival college. The judges appointed for this day's races were F. Billice, C. A. Chase, C. C. Baldwin, and C. W. Gilbert, of Worcester; Wm. M. Olin and Horace T. Rockwell, of Boston; Thomas Kunnicutt, of New York; Arthur W. Goodell and Henry Bacon. Messrs. Olin, Gilbert, and Baldwin were stationed at the upper stake, and the others occupied the home boat, a yacht anchored a few feet above the causeway. Half-past three o'clock was the hour fixed upon for the commencement of the trials of muscle, and prompt to time the gun was discharged calling the competitors into line for the

FIRST RACE.

This was for single scull wherries, for prizes of $25 and $15, two miles, open to Worcester boats only, and the entries were four in number, viz.:—Phantom, shell, rowed by E. B. Hamilton, colors corn; Minnie, lapstreak, J. O'Leary, white; C. O. Russell, shell, Harry E. Duncan, blue; W. B., shell, T. R. Green, white. The latter did not make her appearance, the three others taking their positions in the order given. They got off to a first rate start, but Hamilton quickly pulled ahead, followed by O'Leary, Russell gradually dropping astern. These positions remained unaltered, except that Russell gave up after turning the stake, Hamilton, without being pushed at any time throughout the race, winning easily by several lengths in 18:04, the time of the Minnie being 18:07½. After the lapse of a few minutes the signal was given for the boats entered for the

FOUR OARED RACE

to draw into line. This race was confined exclusively to Worcester boats also, the distance being the same as in the preceding, and the prizes $40 and $25. The three boats entered took their places as follows:—

"No Name."—Crew, Joseph Nudgeley (stroke), Dan'l Sullivan, Wm. H. Warren, H. F. Short (bow). Colors—Flesh-colored shirts, white handkerchiefs, black pants.

"Union."—Crew, D. Woodcock (stroke), James Kane, George Woodcock, Timothy Green (bow). Colors—White.

"Shamrock."—Crew, Michael Downey (stroke), Thos. Leahy, David Gleason, Timothy Foley (bow), John Thompson, coxswain. Colors—White and green.

All the above boats were lapstreaks and in the interest exhibited the race was a counterpart of the wherry, no

ment, but took things easily and finally swept across the score half a dozen lengths to the good in 20:15½—the Quinsigs following in 20:30½, the Theris distanced. The crews were called up to the judges' boat and presented with the premiums, after which preparations were made for

THE COLLEGE RACE.

As this was the final so it was the crowning event of the week, and the loadstone which had induced to brave the terror of the misty, rheumatism-producing atmosphere such an array of delicate and manly beauty, so much intellectuality and affluence, so many representatives of the first families of the nation—some of whom in maturer years, if the but improve the opportunities now presented them, will doubtless assist in controlling the destinies of the republic—as surrounded the sparkling waters of Lake Quinsigamond on this memorable afternoon. The chorus of cheers which had greeted the heroes of the Cornwall upon this, their second victory during the week, died away amid the surrounding hills in a sigh of relief that the preliminary events which were regarded as of little import compared with the culminating struggle had been decided, and the vast multitude awaited impatiently the signal which should bid again bring together as opponents the crack crews of the Harvard and Yale, which so oft before had competed for supremacy upon these self same waters. While they are waiting we will lay briefly before our readers the record of the past races between university oarsmen. Though the students of Harvard were inducted into the mysteries of the art of rowing as long ago as 1844, and crews formed within the walls of that seat of learning often took part in races upon the waters of the Charles river with Boston oarsmen, as well as others from various parts of the States, the idea of getting up a contest between crews selected from Harvard and Yale, if suggested, was never carried into effect until the 3d day of August, 1852, when, for the first time, they encountered each other on Lake Winnipiseogee, N. H., contested for a pair of handsomely mounted black walnut oars, which were gallantly carried off by the Cambridge men and are now preserved carefully, occupying an honored place amid the trophies which have since rewarded the efforts of Harvard. The second race between the colleges took place at Springfield, Mass., in July, 1856, and resulted in another triumph for the Harvards. These contests were between oarsmen attached to certain clubs organized by members of the colleges, and it was not until July 1859, that regular representative crews, formed of men selected from the whole college, contended together. The water selected for the decision of this contest was the same as that of this year's, and, in fact, all the races which have since occurred between the universities, and victory again fell to the lot of the Cambridgeites, their time being 19:18; Yale, 20:18. They met again on the following day in the Citizens' Regatta, when a northwest wind roughened the lake, and drove the Harvard boat far out of its course, and after pulling over much more space than was necessary, they came in but two seconds behind the Yales, who won in 19:14. The Harvards, mortified at their unexpected defeat, offered to row again and stake odds, but the Yales responded not. The following year they met for the fifth time, the "crimson" winning in 18:53, the Yales making it in 19:15. The outbreaking of the rebellion caused a disbandment of the crews in the spring of '61, and it was not until the summer of '64 that a sixth meeting was had, when the famous crew which received their instruction from the celebrated Wilbur Bacon, who was to Yale what William Blakie was to Harvard, succeeded, for the first time in a race for collegiate honors, in carrying away the trophy, the time being 19:01. They repeated this victory the succeeding year, making their best time up to that period, viz.:—18:42¼—coming home 28½ seconds in advance of the "blue." They also won next day in the Citizens' Regatta, by something over five minutes. The trophy reverted to the Harvards in 1866, they covering the distance in 18:43½ to Yale's 19:10, and in 1867 the "crimson" was the winning color in the then unequaled time on their course of 18:12½, the Yale crew making it in 19:25½.

At the commencement of studies after the summer's vacation last year the Harvard crew, which were fortunate in losing but one man, Edmunds, filled the vacancy by the selection of W. McBurney, and commenced earnest work with the oars, pulleys, clubs, dumb-bells, &c., that they might this year be able to retain the supremacy so gallantly won, and equal, if not eclipse, their last greatest performance. During the autumn, winter and spring they worked like Trojans during a certain number of hours daily not devoted to study, living abstemiously the while, and early in the year forwarded a formal proposition to row the Oxford crew of Oxford University, England, upon their own waters during the month of September next, but an insurmountable obstacle presented itself in the matter of a coxswain, the Harvards desiring to row without that encumbrance and the Oxfords refusing to make a match unless they consented to carry one. The Harvards then agreed to row the O's. next year, and place a coxswain in their boat, but even this concession failed to bring about the desired match, the Oxfords returning an evasive reply, and from present indications there is little probability of such an event being arranged.

The Yale crew was greatly weakened and placed at a disadvantage by the resignation, from various causes, of Coffin, Ferry and Adee. This naturally had a disheartening effect upon them, but rendered a determined effort to regain the laurels they had lost, a careful examination of the candidates for admission to the boat was held, all being subjected to practical tests relating to their qualifications for the positions to which they aspired. The vacant seats were finally filled by Roderick Terry, G. W. Drew and S. F. Bucklin; the first named was No. 5 in the Freshmen crew which defeated the Harvard Freshmen last year, Bucklin had pulled in some harbor class races, but Drew, who is denominated the "Maine lumberman," was a new recruit to race boat. As soon as an organization was effected they went diligently to work, and some weeks previous to the race secured the services of Denny Leary, formerly stroke oar of the then champion four-oared crew of the country, and who trained the Yale Freshmen last year. "Den" performed his duties in a manner which afforded another proof of his possession, in an eminent degree, of that knowledge which can be acquired only by experience and his abilities as an instructor in the science, the crew having made rapid improvement during the time they were under his management, and if he had had charge of them a longer period, by earlier correcting faults in their style of rowing, exercise and diet, they would probably have shown to better advantage than upon this occasion.

The excellent time made by the Harvards last year and the partial disbandment of the Yale crew afterward, caused it to be adjudged months ago that the former would again capture the prizes and once more lower the old Yale colors to the dust, and when the race with the Ward brothers on Charles river showed them to have made such a wonderful improvement, under the tuteiage of Loring, the present race was universally looked upon as, barring accident, a foregone conclusion in favor of the Cambridge oarsmen, and, consequently, the monetary speculations were limited to small sums, which were exceedingly light, being confined to wagers of trifling amounts by Yale men against heavy odds, the "blues" betting partly because they did not like to see such large odds so betting and partly because, as they said, they "didn't want to see everything all one way." Parties who had gone all the way from New York and along the Hudson for the purpose of speculation, who had been unable to secure a bet on the first day and had been "taken in and done for" on the single seull, were frantic in their endeavors to regain at least a portion of their losses, offering as high as $100 to $70 and even to $5 upon the Harvards, but all to no purpose, and with half-smothered maledictions and indignant expressions regarding the spirit of the friends of the Yale, they crammed their huge rolls of greenbacks into their pockets again, greatly to the amusement of the Bostonians and others who had increased their store of legal tenders through the success of Tyler, and evidently enjoyed their discomfiture, distinctly remembering the manner in which they had been relieved of their loose cash at the races on July 4th, when many a Hubite went to bed a poorer and a wiser man.

The swaying, restless, eager mass were not long kept in suspense, for admonished by the forbidden aspect overhead, and the fine moisture growing denser each moment, that a storm was brewing, and would soon burst in a watery torrent from the opaque, overcharged clouds, the starting judge fired the pistol, and a score of white smoke leaping from the muzzle wreathed upward out of sight, ere a narrow shell, propelled by the brawny, muscle-knotted arms of six stalwart, noble specimens of manhood, clad in close fitting shirts and drawers of merino, was discerned coming through the arch in the causeway, below which the boat houses were located. Instantly glasses were leveled and mingled cries of "that's Harvard," "No, it's Yale," arose on every side as the excited crowd elbowed and squeezed each other in the endeavor to obtain a better look; but a couple of sweeps brought the objects of interest into full view, their identity was at once proclaimed, and the masculine wearers of the blue shouted "Yale," "Yale," "Yale," in tones of welcome, until they could shout no more. There was a fluttering of ultramarine ribbons from amid the galaxy of beauty adorning the rough boards of the grand stand, and their fair wearers waved their delicate cambrics and smiled their sweetest at sight of their favorite crew. After a short wait the Ward four, having donned their clothes, came out again to get a better view of the race, pulled alongside the judge's boat, and in answer to a query from Blakie as to what detained the Harvards, Josh said he didn't know, but they hadn't got into their boat when he left. The fears occasioned by this delay that something untoward had happened them, causing the hearts of the friends of Harvard to rise into their throats, were, however, quickly dispelled, as under the influence of a strong sea breeze and the cause way, in the bow of which was seen the well known form of George Holdredge, stripped to the waist and browned by exposure to the sun and weather, to the hue of a bright chestnut. And then a scene of enthusiasm such as we never before witnessed ensued. Cries of "Harvard," "Harvard," mingled with the short, spasmodic "Rah!" "Rah!" "Rah!" "Rah!" "Rah!" of the students, rose in a dense volume from thousands of throats, echoed back from both sides, and every point of the lake where humanity had obtained a foothold, splitting the thick, mosty atmosphere, with a slushy sound, swaying the branches of the heavily foliaged trees, rippling the surface of the transparent waters, and reverberating and gradually dying away among the wooded heights beyond. As was the case with the masculine gender, the friends of Harvard were immeasurably in the ascendancy among the gentle sex, the roseate hues far outnumbering the ribbons and rosettes of azure, and with a gusto equal to that of their enthusiastic cavaliers did they welcome in their own bewitching way the gallant six of Cambridge. This generous tribute, which they had so nobly won, no doubt nerved their powerful arms and inspired their hearts to perform yet greater deeds of prowess on the watery element. The Harvards won the toss for choice of position and took that next the judges' boat. Below are the names of the crews and other interesting information concerning them:—

HARVARD.	Age.	Wt.	Height.	Chest.	Arms.
Names					
A. P. Loring (stroke), '67, Boston, Mass.	23	150	5.11½	43	15½
C. Watson, '69, Milton, Mass.	21	155	5.10½	41	14½
W. H. Simmons, '69, Boston, Mass.	19	168	5.11½	45	14½
J. W. McAurney, '69, Boston, Mass.	20	151	5.11½	42	14
W. W. Richards, '68, New York.	21	180	5.7	45	14½
Geo. W. Holdredge (bow), '69, Irvington, N. Y.	21	146	5.8½	40½	14

YALE.					
Samuel Parry (stroke), '68, Clinton, N. J.	24	160	5.11	42	16½
Syl. L. Bucklin, '69, Marlboro, Mass.	22	148	5. 9½	39	15½
Geo. W. Drew, '70, Winterport, Me.	24	168	5.10	44	17
W. H. Lee, '70, Chicago, Ill.	20	160	5.11	43	16½
Wm. A. Cropp, '69, Grafton, Mass.	24	154		43½	14½
Roderick Terry (bow), '69, Irvington, N. Y.	19	133	6	39	13½

The boats manned by the respective crews were both fashioned out of Spanish cedar at the establishment of Charles R. Elbott, Greenpoint, L. I., from the same model, and each is of the following dimensions:—53 feet in length, 20 inches in width and weighs 175lbs., but that of the Harvards was decidedly the better of the two. Twelve handsomer and more perfect looking specimens of physical manhood never measured spruces against each other than those who now backed up to the line and waited for the word of command which should inaugurate another outer-collegiate race. There was a striking contrast in the appearance of the two crews, the Yales being, with the single exception of Drew, of fair complexion, while on the other hand the Harwards one and all, were very dark, their tawny bodies giving them the appearance of aborigines of the forest, and their skin apparently as tough as the hide of a buffalo. The manner in which they were costumed was calculated to show off to admirable advantage their muscular development, the sleeves of their shirts having been cut off to allow free and unconfined play to their arms and shoulders; and as we scrutinized them closely as they poised their oars with compressed lips prepared for the start, we observed that in the upper extremities, and all above the loins, the Yale men were developed to a greater extent than their opponents, who were more evenly developed throughout, having much stronger legs and arms, although their arms were not so ponderous. This is due to the different styles of rowing adopted by either, the Yalesites doing the principal portion of their work with the arms, though not so much now as when Wilbur Bacon was their tutor, while the Harvard stroke made mainly, on the other hand, by bringing into play the muscles of the legs and back, a method taught them by Will Blakie, and the correctness of which their numerous victories would go far to prove. It is a strange coincidence that the four oars of the two crews who have the supervision of the balance of the men in the boat both hail from Irvington and they are very equally matched in height, weight, energy and the enthusiasm which they exhibit in the sport.

THE RACE.

The hurricane of welcoming cheers was succeeded by a calm, painful by reason of its very thoroughness, scarce a whisper disturbing the silence which hung o'er that lately turbulent gathering, as with bated breath everybody stood upon their own or their neighbors' toes, small men bobbing up and down in their effort to see over taller men's shoulders, and all elevating their heads as high as possible, and with distended eyes and countenances upon which were plainly depicted the absorbing interest they felt in the race, watched eagerly and impatiently for the flash of the "infant howitzer." Suddenly it came, and as the sharp report rang over the smooth waters, twelve blades of spruce, wielded by as many more splendidly developed arms, threaded with quivering muscle tough as thongs of leather, simultaneously cut the bosom of the lake, and with the suddenness of thought itself the boats sped away from the line and went cleaving through the unresisting waters towards the upper extremity of the lake, the Harvard quiting away quickest and smoothest, one or two Yale men splashing their oars in the nervousness incidental to the start for the first time in so important a contest, and it was not until they had pulled half a dozen strokes that the crew settled to steady work. The start broke the spell of quietude, and as the craft bounded swiftly along the naggy air was resonant with the frantic outcries of encouragement from the sympathizers with the rival oarsmen, which swelled in volume every moment and reached its culminating point when the Harvards swept by the stand, pulling a magnificent stroke with all that fire and energy which enters so largely into their composition, a couple of good lengths in the van of the Yales, and increasing their advantage at every rise of their gleaming, polished spoons; they are pulling forty-six strokes eve y sixty seconds, while their opponents are seemingly doing their utmost at forty-nine or forty. The jubilant shouts of the red ribbons and the despairing exclamations of their opponents, urging to additional exertions a crew which were already throwing all their energy, power and soul into those dripping blades, but found themselves unable to cope with their lighter, more skillful rivals, are caught up and swollen by the wearing sea of humanity gathered upon a point jutting into the stream a few rods above the grand stand, and follows the fast receding contestants, growing fainter and fainter by degrees, until a bend in the course obstructs the view, when the pompous members of the band lay aside their sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and clear their parched throats with something which don't resemble weiss beer, the marriageable daughters and comely matrons resume their uncomfortable seats beneath the uninviting canvas, the betting fraternity make one final and desperate attempt to risk their greenbacks with the same result as before, and the immense throng, save a few overbolling individuals, subside and give their respiratory organs a breathing spell after the severe tug to which they have been subjected, and the still severer one yet to come. The friends of Harvard wear smiling faces, feeling assured as to the issue, and indulge in good-humored badinage with the "boys in blue," who look despondent, but stand pluckily by their favorites, hoping against hope that something may give them the victory.

The lapse of the few minutes during which the contestants were hidden from sight seemed hours to the anxious watchers, but finally the sparkle of the water, descending in diamond-like beads from the oars as they rise from the stream at regular intervals, elicit cries of "Here they are!" "They're coming," from those who have marine glasses leveled, and everybody instantly rose to their feet and bend their gaze eagerly toward the designated point. For some moments 'tis impossible to distinguish the crews apart, and hope and fear mingle in the bosoms of the assemblage as conflicting cries of "The Harvards are ahead!" "No, the Yales have it, by Jove!" "It's anybody's race just now!" are heard, and during the term of uncertainty the Yale men take courage and make small wagers at less odds than had previously been offered. The doubt was of but momentary duration, however, for the frail shells dashed quickly into full view and the broad, bronzed back of Holdredge verified the universal prediction—Harvard was ahead, a long way ahead, and, thrilled through and through by the tremendous shout which burst simultaneously from more than ten thousand throats, the stirring strains of the band playing an appropriate air, but more than all by the ear-splitting "Rah!" "Rah!" "Rahs!" of their college companions, they threw additional vim into their efforts and coming in faster and faster, fairly flew by the grand stand five hundred yards in advance of the Yales, who were coming down the eastern side, pulling almost as strong as when they started, and though they were beaten, sticking gamely to their work. The Harvards increased their lead by a splendid spurt after flashing by the stand, and crossed the line victors in *seventeen minutes forty-eight and one half seconds*, four and one half seconds better than their time with the Wards two days before; the Yales coming home in 18:38½, also their best time. Such was the time given by the judges.

As the winners pulled up to the grand stand after it was over and the time was announced by Will Blakie, who was fairly beside himself with joy—and we never saw a man a greater enthusiast in any pursuit than he is in aquatics, and he prides himself especially upon Harvard—the crowd renewed, with redoubled force, their throat-bursting efforts, the band strove in vain to drown all other contributions to the general uproar, men tossed their hats in air, danced hornpipes, and in the wild delirium of their joy caught each other in their arms and rolled upon the greensward together, while the dear creatures vied with the sterner sex in shedding their meed of praise, a perfect ocean of dainty, perfumed cambrics floating from the stand, and the fair owners kissing and hugging each other, and wishing, no doubt, they could go and do likewise to the six gallant, strong-armed fellows who occupied the handsome shell now lazily resting upon the water, their faces glowing and their eyes sparkling with excitement.

The ceremony of presenting the colors—an American flag of silk, four feet by three, and a blue silk swallow tailed flag, handsomely bordered, having upon one side a gilt eagle, holding in his beak a streamer bearing the inscription "Inter-Collegiate Regatta, Worcester, Mass.," and on the other side "Lake Quinsigamond, July 21th, 1868"—and the gold medals, one to each member of the winning crew, was then gone through with by H. H. Chamberlain and Wm. Blakie, donors and recipients making felicitous speeches and the crowd cheering again and again. As in the two previous years the rain commenced to fall in torrents as soon as the last race was over and those who had not taken the precaution of providing themselves with umbrellas received a pretty thorough drenching ere they were safely housed again. Thus ended the finest race which ever occurred between college crews and the most brilliant racing week ever held at Worcester.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

ARE WE TO HAVE A RACE FOR THE HONORS?

Brown Replies to Coulter

AND BACKS UP HIS CHALLENGE WITH MONEY.

The terms of acceptance published in our last issue, over the signature of Henry Coulter, of Manchester, Pa., of the challenge issued by Walter Brown the previous week, has not exactly met with the approval of the latter, who sends us the subjoined letter, making a fresh proposition. Should this not be agreed to by Coulter, we would suggest the propriety of a personal meeting being speedily arranged by the parties, which will greatly facilitate matters and enable them to arrive at a satisfactory understanding—or put an end to negotiations altogether—without indulging in a series of newspaper articles which oftener do harm than good by engendering ill-feeling where all should be friendly. Read Brown's response:—

WORCESTER, July 22, 1868.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—*Dear Sir.*—I see in your last issue Mr. Coulter's card, in which he totally ignores my challenge, not even making mention of a single point therein proposed; but, on the contrary, makes fresh proposals, thereby causing unnecessary paper talk and delaying the consummation of the match which will decide who is entitled to the position of champion oarsmen. Every boating man in America who has seen the Troy course will acknowledge that it is the fairest and decidedly the most appropriate water for an aquatic contest. It is a straight course of five miles, perfectly straight, always smooth, about three-eighths of a mile wide, on the Hudson river above the dam and *no tide*. My only reason for naming this place is, that each man has here an equal chance, and, both being strangers, we would receive no advantages. If Mr. Coulter does not wish to make a match there are other parties who are pressing their claims for first race for the coveted title now left open by Hamill's retirement, and as I have the only money up ($230 which I send with this) all overtures must necessarily be made to

WALTER BROWN.

Worcester, Mass.

[$200 received.—ED. CLIP.]

JOSH WARD AND JOHN TYLER

MATCHED TO ROW

FIVE MILES FOR $1,000, AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS NOW UP.

Another important sculling match has been entered into, and the boating public are once more to have the pleasure of seeing the old war horse of the Hudson, and ex-champion of America, Josh Ward, prove that all the steel has not yet been taken out of him, though he was obliged to give up the championship to a younger and more vigorous man, after a greater number of trials than any two men ever had upon our waters. The match was brought about thuswise:—On the evening of Friday, 24th ult., after Tyler had clipped the wings of McKiel, of Cold Spring, greatly to the astonishment of the latter's friends, (though in justice to the Cold Spring man we are constrained to say that he was not by any means as fit as his conqueror on the day, owing to his indulgence in cold spring water of a sort which didn't agree with his stomach), The Boston's encountered Nelse Kelly, an old backer of the Wards, at the Bay State House, when some conversation occurred concerning the race, during which he was asked if he would make a match to row Josh Ward five miles. This not being "his distance" he demurred at first, but finally agreed to do so, and $100 a side was then and there put up in the hands of James Lee for a match at the distance mentioned, with one turn, to take place at Springfield, Mass., four weeks from date, which will make it fall on the 21st day of August. The two hundred dollars a side has been transferred to our custody and on Thursday, July 30th, the men, or their representatives, are to meet at our office, between one and half-past one o'clock, for the purpose of signing articles and depositing an additional instalment of four hundred dollars. This is the most important aquatic event now on the docket, and around it will center a wide-spread interest, as many look upon Tyler as the "coming man," and consider that as yet he has been fairly tried, but believe that should the match now made go on, it will prove exactly the character of the material whereof he is composed.

There was a larger crowd present to witness this game than at any previous match, with one exception, of the season. The weather was excellent for ball playing, and the ground in good condition. At about 3 o'clock the Bostonians, having won the toss, sent their opponents to the field, and the game commenced. Pearce, first to the bat, was caught on the fly, at centre field, by Kelly; Mills struck out, and Ferguson was stopped at first by Barrows' throw; Smith and Start made runs, and Chapman and Crane were left. Crosby and Sullivan, the first two strikers for the Tri-Mountains, were doubled up by Crane and Start, and Barrows fouled out, not a run being made. In the second innings the Atlantics made six runs, helped by the poor fielding of Kelly, at centre, and Freeman, at short field. The outs were Smith, at first, by Barrows, and Start and Ferguson, on flies, by Kelly and Lyons. Mills being left. Another whitewash for the Tri-Mountains—Freeman and Franklin on fair flys to Chapman and McDonald, and Lyons on a foul fly to Ferguson. Score, 8 to 0. McDonald led off in the third innings with a clean home run; Zettlein and Pearce followed this up by good hits, and got round home, as also Chapman and Crane—five altogether. The first out was Smith, who was attended to by Barrows and Crosby; Start was filed by Kelly, and Ferguson was the third hand out, for the third time, on a fly to Lyons. Kelly cracked a foul, which Ferguson nipped. O'Brien made his base on a muff by Crane; Putnam hit to Pearce, Dick threw to second, and Crane to first, and a double play was made—another "blinder" for the Tri-Mountains, leaving the score 13 to 0. One run was all the Atlantics could get in the fourth innings, McDonald being the lucky one. Zettlein struck out, Pearce fouled to Sullivan, and Chapman failed to reach first, Crosby stopping the ball and getting there first; Smith and Start being left. For the fourth time the Tri-Mountains were blanked. Crosby fell a victim to Pearce and Start; Sullivan, after getting his base, got too far off, and Barrows hitting foul, Zettlein passed the ball to Smith, and Sullivan retired; Barrows closed the innings by giving Crane a chance on a throw to Start. Sharp fielding retired the Atlantics without scoring in the fifth innings, the feat being received with considerable applause. Crosby put Mills out at first, Ferguson was caught by Barrows on a fly, and McDonald by O'Brien. Crane being left at second. Another base was made by the Tri-Mountains in this innings, Freeman being the fortunate individual. He did not score, however, for Barrows, Freeman and Franklin were quickly retired, the former by Smith and Start, and the last two on flies by Start and Ferguson. Zettlein and Pearce had made tallies in the sixth innings, when Smith was halted at first by Barrows, Start flew out to Franklin and Crane to Freeman, Chapman being left. The Tri-Mountains improved at the bat in this innings, Kelly and Putnam getting their bases. They failed to count, however, for before they could get around O'Brien was filed by Chapman, and Crosby and Sullivan were retired by Crane and Pearce on throws to Start. Score, 16 to 0, and only three more innings left. In the seventh innings the Atlantics added five more to their score, a dropped fly by Lyons and a little looseness on the in-field helping them to score. Ferguson made his fifth out on a foul fly to Putnam; Smith hit to third and went out at first. Crane, after getting his first, was run out by Barrows and Crosby. The Tri-Mountains made a break in this innings and scored four runs amid great cheering. Barrows went to third on a grounder to left field, and came home on Freeman's hit, who finally scored, as also Franklin and Kelly, all on good hits. The first out was Lyons on a fly to McDonald; O'Brien ditto to Start, and Crosby on a foul to Ferguson, Putnam being left at third. Score, 21 to 4. In the eighth innings Barrows went in to pitch, or rather to "toss" the ball, for it could not be called a pitch, and if he had been properly supported in the field, more or four runs would have been the most the Atlantics would have obtained. The fielding was very loose, however; in fact, the Tri-Mountains were considerably demoralized, and seven runs were made before the last hand was lost, Start making a "homer." Franklin filed Mills and Zettlein, and Putnam fouled Ferguson. The Tri-Mountains received their seventh whitewash on their turn at the bat, going out in quick succession—Ferguson catching Barrows and Freeman on foul bounds, and McDonald flying Sullivan. Score, 28 to 4. At the close of the eighth innings O'Brien resumed his place as pitcher, the change not working as well as expected. In the last innings the Atlantics added five more to their score, leaving their total 33. The outs were McDonald on a foul fly to Crosby; Chapman, forced to second and touched by Barrows; and Ferguson on a fly to Lyons, Mills being left at third. One run was secured in the last innings, Lyons being the lucky chap. Franklin and Kelly went out on catches by Ferguson and Pearce, and O'Brien by Crane. And the game ended with the totals of 33 to 5. The score is appended:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	2	6	0	0
Smith, 3d b	2	4	1	0
Start, 1st b	3	4	1	1
Chapman, l f	2	3	3	3
Crane, 2d b	3	4	2	0
Mills, c f	2	3	2	0
Ferguson, c	1	1	0	2
McDonald, 1 f	2	5	0	1
Zettlein, p	2	5	0	0
Totals	17	33	10	7
INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th
Atlantic	7	6	5	1
Tri-Mountain	0	0	0	0

TRI-MOUNTAIN.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Crosby, 1st b	4	0	1	0
Sullivan, 3d b	4	1	0	1
Barrows, p	3	0	1	0
Freeman, s s	4	1	0	0
Franklin, l f	3	1	1	0
Kelly, c f	4	1	0	0
O'Brien, p	3	0	0	3
Putnam, c	1	0	2	1
Totals	27	4	5	5
INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th
Tri-Mountain	0	0	0	0

5th	6th	7th	8th	9th					
0	1	0	0	1					
0	0	0	0	0					
0	0	0	0	0					
0	0	0	0	0					
0	0	0	0	0					
0	0	0	0	0					
0	0	0	0	0					
0	0	0	0	0					
0	1	0	0	1					
5th	6th	7th	8th	9th					
0	0	0	0	0					

Total.....27 5 4 13

Struck out—Mills, 2; Ferguson, 1. Out on fouls—Atlantic, 4; Tri-Mountains, 9. Home runs—Start, 1; McDonald, 1. Umpire—Mr. Pike of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Monk and Bushnell. Time of game—One hour and forty minutes.

ECKFORD vs. TRI-MOUNTAIN.

The last appearance of the champions of New England in this vicinity was in a game with the Eckford Club, of Brooklyn, on the 24th inst. The day threatened to be unsuited for ball playing early in the morning, and rain fell; but in the afternoon, although it did not clear up, the rain held off and left the atmosphere at the right point for open air sport. The clubs were thought to be pretty evenly matched. If there was any choice very likely the knowing ones took the Eckfords, relying on the pitching of Martin as something that the Tri-Mountains would be apt to trip up on. Game was called at 3.30 with the Tri-Mountains at the bat. Judging from the way that the first two or three strikers hit out, it seemed likely that for once the knowing ones had made a mistake about Martin. Four runs were scored, mostly from clean hits, O'Brien making a "homer." Lyons had gone out on a fly catch to Malone previous to O'Brien's hit, and Putnam had made his base, when Franklin and Kelly fouled out. Allison, first in hand for the Eckfords, was nicely taken at right field by Lyons—a difficult catch; Courtney cracked a foul which flew to Putnam; Eggler got to second, but was left there by Martin, who hit high to left field and was caught by Franklin. This was rather an auspicious opening for the strangers, and their friends were in high glee in consequence. Their rejoicings were of short duration, however, for in the next three innings their favorites failed to count, retiring in one, two, three order each time. Four fouled to Putnam, three went out on flies and two on bases. In the second innings Nelson took O'Brien on the fly, and catching Freeman too far from second base, made a double play. In the meantime the Eckfords had handled the ball in fine style so vigorously as to get 14 runs, leaving the totals 14 to 4 at the end of the third innings. To this large number they had been helped by a dropped fly ball by Lyons in the second innings and another by Crosby in the third. The latter gentleman, assisted by Sullivan, had also indulged in sundry wild throws and muffed balls, which helped their opponents materially. In the fifth innings, after two hands were lost and Kelly had reached third with every probability of being left there, Martin threw wildly to Grum and the Tri-Mountains made another tally. After being blanked in the sixth innings, through the good fielding of Grum and Hodes, their chances of getting a run in the seventh were very slim till Allison made a misplay and sent Putnam home. When the Eckfords commenced their fifth innings they had a new pitcher to face, Barrows having been substituted for O'Brien. Barrows' slow "tosses" troubled the Eckfords considerably, the first three strikers retiring in short order. One run was made in the sixth innings, and the chances of the Tri-Mountains making a close game of it looked more favorable. The "Burghee" struck another batting streak in the seventh innings, however, and before they left off added nine runs to their score, making the totals 24 to 6. O'Brien resumed his position in this innings, and most of the runs were made off him. The eighth innings should have been a "whitewash" for the Tri-Mountains, but Malone and Grum were a little careless in their fielding, and two runs were made. The Eckfords duplicated these figures, Sullivan helping them along by a muff. Sullivan scored in the last innings, getting his base on a good hit and coming home on Freeman's stroke, who forced Barrows out on second. The last chance of the Eckfords at the bat did not help them materially, the side being retired by Sullivan, Putnam and Kelly without a run. The game lasted two hours and three quarters. Score:—

TRI-MOUNTAIN.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Sullivan, 3d b	3	2	1	1
Barrows, 2d b	4	1	0	2
Freeman, s s	4	2	1	0
Lyons, r f	5	1	0	3
Crosby, 1st b	5	1	0	1
O'Brien, p	5	1	0	1
Putnam, c	4	1	2	4
Franklin, l f	3	0	1	2
Kelly, c f	4	1	2	1
Totals	39	9	8	14
INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th
Tri-Mountain	4	0	0	0
Eckford	0	0	0	0

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Allison, 1st b	5	1	1	0
Courtney, l f	5	0	2	0
Eggler, c f	5	0	1	0
Martin, p	4	2	0	0
Nelson, s s	4	1	1	1
Malone, r f	4	1	1	1
Hodes, c	4	0	2	2
Paterson, 2d b	3	3	0	2
Grum, 3d b	2	3	1	5
Totals	36	11	9	11
INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th
Eckford	2	5	2	0

5th	6th	7th	8th	9th					
0	0	0	1	2					
5th	6th	7th	8th	9th					
0	0	0	0	1					

Struck out—Tri-Mountain, 5 times; Gramercy 4 times. Umpire—Mr. Birdsall, of the Union Club. Scorers—Messrs. Brainerd and Griffin. Time of game—Two hours and twenty-five minutes.

MUTUAL vs. TRI-MOUNTAIN.

The meeting between these clubs on the 22d July resulted in one of the best played and most interesting games of the season. The Mutuals waited upon the visitors about 1 P. M., and escorted them to the Union Ground, where a large number had gathered to witness the contest. Considerable curiosity was manifested to witness the noted champion club of the New England States, and as the Tri-Mountains came on the field in their neat uniforms they were the subject of much comment. Consid-rable delay was experienced in getting to work, one or two of the Mutuals name not arriving till some time after 3 o'clock. Charley Mills, of the Atlantics, having been chosen umpire, at 3:30 the Mutuals commenced the first innings. McMahon, who was the first to handle the willow was caught out on a foul fly back of third base by Sullivan; Barman struck out; Walters got his base on a muffed ball, but was left on third, Stockman going out by a throw of Barrows' to Crosby. The Tri-Mountains also failed to score, Flanly attending to Crosby, and Jewett capturing Sullivan and Barrows on foul flies. Pike hit a beauty to right field, and made a home run. Jewett fouled out. Flanly was caught at left field and Swandel was taken care of by Freeman at short. Again the Tri-Mountains were whitewashed—Freeman on a foul bound and Franklin and Lyons on fly catches by McMahon and Flanly. The Mutuals were also retired without scoring—Devyr and McMahon on flies to O'Brien and Sullivan, and Bearman on a throw from Sullivan to Crosby. For the third time the visitors were blanked—Kelly by Devyr to Bearman, O'Brien on a foul bound to Jewett, and Putnam on a handsome running catch by McMahon. Two runs were made by the Mutuals in the fourth innings, Walters and Jewett getting their bases on misplays, and finally getting round home. Stockman and Swandel fouled out, and Pike was filed by Sullivan, Flanly being left on third. Sharp fielding again disposed of the Tri-Mountains without a run, Flanly attending to Crosby and Sullivan, and Jewett to Freeman on a foul fly. Barrows made his base in this innings—the first of the game—on a dropped fly ball by Devyr. The Mutuals added two more to their score in the fifth innings, Devyr and McMahon being the lucky ones. Bearman was caught out on a fly by Sullivan, and Pike and Jewett were similarly served by Kelly and Franklin. Walters and Stockman being left. The game now stood 5 to 0 on uneven innings, with a bad look for the strangers. Lyons hit a short ball to right, and McMahon threw wildly to first, and Lyons went to second; Pike muffed the ball Franklin sent him, giving that gentleman his first and Lyons third; Franklin stole to second, and Lyons came home on Jewett's wild throw to Flanly; Kelly gave Flanly a chance on a fly, which was taken; O'Brien hit safely and Franklin came home; Sullivan went to second on a passed ball, and reached the base by Walters and Flanly—very close work, however; Putnam secured his base, but was left there, as Crosby made a feeble hit to Walters, and went out at first. Score 5 to 2. The Mutuals failed to score—Flanly being gobbled up by short stop, and O'Brien and Barrows assisting to Swandel and Devyr on flies. Sullivan made a run in this innings on a muff by Devyr; Swandel caught out Barrows; Freeman got his first, when Franklin hit to Stockman, who got the ball, stepped on second and threw it to first—a pretty double play. The score was now more even—5 to 3. In the seventh innings the Mutuals made 2 and the Tri-Mountains 1. Barrows and Putnam put the Mutuals out and Jewett and Devyr disposed of the Tri-Mountains. The latter had a chance to run up their score in this innings, and it was through no fault of their opponents that they did not do it. Kelly had been put out on a foul, and O'Brien was on second and Putnam on first when Crosby struck out. Jewett failed to hold the ball, however, and the striker started for his base; Jewett threw the ball to third, but Devyr did not seem to know what to do with it, but finally, upon being told, stepped upon third. If he had passed the ball to second he could have made a double play, but he didn't do it, and when the confusion incident upon the mixed up state of affairs was got over it was found that O'Brien was the only one out. Putnam and Crosby were left, as Sullivan fouled out. Three more were added to the Mutuals' total in the eighth innings by safe hits. Bearman was filed by O'Brien, and Stockman and Pike were doubled up by Barrows and Crosby. Another blank for the Tri-Mountains closed the innings for the totals of 11 to 5. Barrows hit to Walters and was halted

MINNIE MAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY AN EMBRYO SPORT.

Vivacious, affable and kind,
Blithsome of heart, gifted in mind,
Is pretty Minnie May;
Bewitching eyes of raven hue,
Sparkling, like sun-lit drops of dew,
Upon the verdant way.

Long tresses, too, that proudly vie
With the dark lustre of her eye,
In rich profusion fall;
Adorning with unstudied grace,
The winsome sweetness of a face
That holds my heart in thrall;

Two tempting, kiss provoking lips,
That seem all others to eclipse, and
Ne'er shaped for word of scorn;
And smiles that light up every trait,
That bring love's dimples into play,
And take my heart by storm.

Sweet Minnie, nature formed thee well,
And blessed thee more than words can tell
With choicest gifts and rare;
When from her hand thy beauty came
She smiled, and o'er her work grew vain,
And called it wondrous fair

Then come my gentle Minnie May,
Hide not thy charms, turn not away
That form with grace bedight;
Come join with me the merry dance,
The music calls us to advance,
And laughing joys invite.

Responsive heaves her breast to mine,
While to the strains our feet keep time,
In airy circling round;
Her touch electrifies my frame,
Adds fuel to devotion's flame,
And holds my spirit bound.

Bound with fetters that ne'er will part,
While maiden beauty charms my heart,
Or greets my wistful gaze;
True beauty's impress ne'er will die,
We laud it with admiring eye,
We worship, though we know not why,
And yield it constant praise. C. G. G.

THE TRUSS OF HAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE.

That accident often accomplishes what the most hopeful perseverence fails to effect, the following narrative is but an additional proof; but as I rode towards the police station of my district during the afternoon of an April day, 1867, my thoughts were far from being occupied by any such truth. I was thinking of Edward Felton, whom I had not seen for four years, and in whom I had always felt a friendly, nay, a brotherly interest.

Edward had been in the mounted police for some six or seven years, and he didn't take well to it, poor fellow. He felt what he considered his loss of caste deeply, and avoided speaking of his earlier days; but I knew that his family was an old and a good one, and that he was one of those unfortunate younger scions to whose share the increasing poverty of the family had meted but a partial education, while the elder brother had received a much more superior education, and was heir to his father's estate.

The position of his relatives in Philadelphia would, no doubt, have enabled them to procure something better in time for Ned than a trooper's saddle, but the youth was proud, had gone to California to make his fortune, and vowed he would never return until he was independent of patronage; and whether such a thing was ever likely to happen, on two dollars a day and twelve cents extra—"good conduct" money—ask any "mounted man" who has the honor of being in the United States Police Force.

Felton used to be melancholy and reserved in his habits, and, as a natural consequence, his more harem-scarem mates did not much affect him. They called him proud, and themselves as good as he, and he took very good care to interfere with them as little as duty would permit.

Wondering how he had got along these four years, during which time I had but heard of his moves, from one station to another, I reached his camp, and his first face upon which my eyes rested, when I entered the camp yard, was that of Ned, a face, however, so illuminated and revived, so to speak, that I had to look twice to convince myself of his identity.

"Well, Felton," I said, as I returned his warm greeting, "you are getting younger instead of older. Why you make me ashamed of my mouldy whiskers man! Has the last mail brought you word that good fortune awaits you at home?"

"Not it," replied he. "The good fortune can go to the devil; I don't covet it one bit. But here, give me your mare, and I'll take her; Singer has gone on duty."

"Excuse me, my dear fellow," I responded, taking the bridle from his ready hand, "but I prefer looking after Vino myself. I shall not restrict her to regulation allowance after such a week's work, and I had better take the responsibility on my own shoulders."

"All right, old fellow; I'll go and look after the wants of your stomach. I don't know how our larder's affected, but we will raise something or other, I dare say. Oh Mark," he added, calling after me, as I was proceeding towards the stable, "there's no forage out; you will have to get down a truss of hay from the loft."

Leaving Vino outside for a moment, I entered with the intention of dislodging the truss, in the easiest manner, from the rough boards that, laid from wall plate to wall plate, formed the said loft. There was a jerk leading against the door, and with the handle of it I tilted one of the trusses on end and tipped it on to the floor. As I did so, or rather as it fell, an unusual appearance in its centre attracted my attention, and a moment's examination convinced me that a square piece had been artistically cut from the closely pressed hay and again inserted, but for what purpose?

Ah! that was the rub! The force of the concussion occasioned by its fall had shaken the piece partially from its well fitted cavity; and it was but a moment's work to withdraw it altogether, leaving exposed, in the heart of the truss—a box.

"Wonders will never cease," I soliloquized; "what the mischief sort of a discovery have I dropped on now?" I seized the box with as firm a grip as its position would allow, and drew it to the light. It was simply a square box, about 18 inches in diameter, and papered on the outside with a green patterned wall paper; and it was primitively fastened by a piece of leather that hooked on to a lock. A piece of the hay corresponding in size to the article, had, as I have said, been carefully cut out of the truss, and a piece of barely three or four inches in thickness inserted *over* the box after it had been concealed. "What an outrageous hiding place to be sure," I thought, as I hastily stowed the "*plant*" up on the loft again, and hastened to feed Vino; "but surely you've made a mistake, this time, my heartie, whoever you are." I was of course most curious to see the inside of this strange "find," but my usual caution led me to wish for secrecy in examining it. I feared the entrance of my friend Felton, for I have ever made it my practice to conceal my plans carefully from even my fellow workers until their assistance is absolutely indispensable to the carrying of them out successfuly. Fortune in this instance, however, favored me; for just as I completed the arrangements necessary to the comfort of my horse, I saw Ned hurrying out of the yard in the direction of the township, which was near by; no doubt to procure something eatable wherewith to supplement his stores. Seizing the opportunity, I lifted down the box, and hastily undid the fastening.

You would never guess upon what an article my eyes first rested under that prepared lid! No, not if you were guessing a whole month! It required all my strength of nerve, and two or three looks at Vino munching her feed into the bargain, to convince me that the thing was real, and that I was not fast asleep and dreaming, for it was neither more nor less than a wedding bonnet! Oh, yes! there could not be the slightest doubt of it; there was the white satin and delicate blonde, the soft, trembling feathers and the suggestive pearl; and, moreover, there were orange blossoms; and who, after that, could doubt that it was a wedding bonnet?

I took it gently up on my extended finger as carefully as if for the bridal of my intended herself; but the dainty bonnet was almost forgotten when my vision rested on the strangely dissimilar article that lay under it and was exposed when I abstracted the concealing satin and blonde that I held on my finger. Lying comfortably on the bottom of the box was a six-barreled revolver; fresh and new it was, too; but alongside the pistol was a good roll of bank notes that were not fresh and new, but limp and well thumbed; and among which were ones, and tens, and fives; ay, and a fifty. Could anything beat that?

Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, one hundred! Ten, thirty and fifty; hum, hum and fifty! Yes, two hundred and fifty notes, a revolver and a wedding bonnet! A wedding bonnet which at this stage of the proceedings in the affair was very inconveniently in the way of Vino's nose; for I had pitched it anywhere when my fingers closed over the cash! Alas! alas! what sentiment can stand between the hand and a roll of bank notes? The notes once counted, however, and safely stowed in my pocket, the bonnet was restored to its box, and if a straw or two *did* attach themselves to the soft blonde, were the dreams of the intended bride less sweet?

"And who the deuce can she be?" I wondered, as I hid the "find" far back in the loft; "and on what discovery am I about to stumble?" I went on and joined young Felton, who was now returning to the barrack room.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting, Mark?" he said, as he deposited his purchases near to the eatables already on the table. "Did you find much difficulty in getting down the hay?"

"Oh, no! Where do you get your forage now? I have not seen such good hay since I left Nelson."

"Singer and I brought it from Kyama yesterday. It is first class, and we were decoed glad to get it, as Mehan's contract was up three weeks ago, and no one seems willing to supply us again at the price."

"Kyama? That's Capel's station, isn't it? Does *he* sell forage? I thought that it was cattle he entirely devoted himself to?"

"And so it is; my word, Captain Capel is too proud to deal in hay; but Inspector Hart and he are rather old acquaintances, and I ventured to ask him for some, as a great compliment. By the by, Mark, you've got orders to buy horses, have you not? Capel has a fine mob for sale; you might have the pick of them, I daresay."

"You seem to know all about Kyama, Ned?" I said, lookingly at the handsome fellow, as I swallowed a glass of excellent pale ale. "Are there any young ladies there?"

Felton grew rosy red. to my astonishment, for, of course, I had but asked the question to gain some information as to the identity of the intended bride; but his reply was prompt enough to disarm a less suspicious man altogether.

"Young ladies! My word, yes, two of them, no less."

"Two! I thought Captain Capel was a widower, and the father of only a son?"

"You are quite right; but he has a ward, a lovely girl, who is to be married to young Capel as soon as he is of age."

"And the other and the second one?"

"Oh she's a companion or something of that sort."

"and pretty also, eh?"

"Yes, tolerably so, indeed," stammered out Ned; "she is a very delightful girl; her name is Miss Tennant."

"Oh!"

And that's it, thinks I once more to myself, you're in love and most likely fancy yourself beloved, and that accounts for the bright eyes and the loss of all your old melancholy! Well, God speed you, my lad, but whose is the wedding bonnet?

Ay, that was the question, sure enough—whose was the wedding bonnet? Surely it was beyond all doubt not the delightful Miss Tennant's. Felton could have had no hand in the "plant" or he would never have permitted me choose my own truss from the loft; and, besides, where was he, poor devil, to get two hundred and fifty bank notes?

"Ned," I observed, as I finished my meal, "I think I'll spell with you for a day or two, as time is really knocked up and I can have a look at Capel's horses. But, I say, you're quiet about my connection with the force; I often find it to my interest to remain unsuspected even when I have no particular case on hand."

"All right, mate," answered my hearty friend, "I guess you'll find me quiet enough on the subject;" and he set the room to attend to some duty or other. Taking up my hat, I strolled up the scattered street with the idea of taking my first step towards finding an owner for the money I had so strangely discovered. Directing my steps to the principal hotel in the place, I entered a room and requested to see the landlord, who in a few moments joined me.

"Good day, sir; what can I do for you?"

"Take a seat, and answer me a question or two," I replied. The strai htforward business-looking owner of the house did so, and without a single expression of curiosity in his features.

"I hope you can keep a secret, Mr. Blake," I continued, "for I am about to tell you one. I am an officer in the detective force, but I do not wish the fact to be known in this neighborhood at present."

"It will not be known from me, you may depend upon it. It is impossible to say how soon I might be in need of your services on my own behalf."

"Well, I am in possession of some notes which I want to trace back if I can. Are you in the habit of keeping any record of the numbers of bank notes that pass through your hands?"

"Only in case of the notes being above a five in value; when they are so, I invariably take a note of the number I receive, as well as of those I give in lieu of them."

"An excellent method," I exclaimed, in reply, "and if you would only be good enough to let me have a peep at your list, who knows but we might discover something."

While the landlord was absent procuring the book in which he kept his numbers, I produced my bundle of notes and rapidly took their numbers and their banks. Scarcely had I completed and held the bit of memorandum in my hand, when Mr. Slate returned and opened the ledger he carried.

"If you would kindly read me the numbers commencing from to-day, and reading backwards for a *few* weeks, I will tell you if I recognise any."

Mr. Slate did as I requested, but unsuccessfully for a dozen or two figures. At last, however, he read:—

"Stay, sir; that's one of mine. *Could* you tell me to whom you gave that note?"

"Easily; it is marked here. I gave it in change, with the three following ones, to Constable Felton, about two weeks ago."

"Constable Felton? Edward Felton, stationed here at Saltmarsh?"

"The same, sir. He wished change for a twenty dollar note, and I gave it to him."

I leave you to conceive my state of bewilderment as, after gaining a little more information from the landlord, I took my slow and thoughtful way to the camp. I had traced *some* of the notes *safely* enough to Ned Felton. Could it be possible that he had anything to do with the wedding bonnet? But no, it was not possible. I watched him carefully that night, and even took him into the stable to examine Vino's condition, but I saw no consciousness whatever in poor, happy looking Ned's countenance as I feigned to require some more hay, and knocked a truss down off the loft in my attempts to get it. Certainly, no man *could* have laughed so gally at the fall as did Ned, had he been aware of the hidden six-chambered revolver, the wedding bonnet and the 250 notes composing the "plant."

I was all anxiety now to visit Kyama, never doubting but that I would manage to make some little discovery; and, intimating my intention to Ned before he mounted his horse to proceed on duty, I saddled Vino, and, leaving her in the stable, proceeded to settle another little piece of business before I started—and that was neither more nor less than the "planting of the plant." I was fearful lest my pretty "find" might be discovered in my absence, you see; and so looking right and left to see that the coast was clear, I carried the bonnet box, carefully enveloped in a sack, into a garden at the back, where Singer was raising some sickly cabbages, dug a hole and buried it. From my mentioning how carefully I covered the box ere I placed it in the ground, you may fancy I was afraid of the white article it contained being damaged; but if you did you would be mistaken, for it was the paper on the outside I wished to preserve, and Singer's soil was rather damp.

The police station I was bound for was situated about five miles distant; the road to it lay through a pretty pastoral country stretching by the river. I had been at Captain Capel's before, but that was some years ago, when I was in the mounted police, and I knew there was not the slightest chance of his recognizing either my name or person.

The house was a substantial and handsome stone building, facing the river, and built upon a slope, green with shrubberies. An avenue of poplars led to the entrance, and, following it, I found myself in a few moments under the portico of Kyama. I gave my card to the servant who answered the bell and requested to see Captain Capel on business. While I waited that gentleman's convenience I tied my horse to the portico and ere I had done so Captain Capel joined me. After the ordinary greetings required by courtesy, I intimated my intention of purchasing horses, and Captain Capel ordered them to be produced at once, and requested me to enter and partake of some refreshment.

"If it will suit your convenience, captain," I replied, "I should prefer first attending to business; afterwards, I shall have pleasure in partaking of your hospitality."

"Certainly," said he; "and, fortunately, the paddock is but a short distance from the stables, which you see yonder near the barns."

The captain was a tall and still military looking man, and I was astonished to find him anything but the proud and reserved man I had decided him to be during my former short visit. Perhaps the difference between the social positions of a common "trap" and a gentleman who intimated an intention of purchasing a dozen horses of good breeding might have accounted for the suavity with which the captain treated me; but, whatever was the reason, I found him disposed to be quite communicative and friendly.

His horses were really suitable, and in the course of a couple of hours I had chosen six, and decided upon leaving an inspection of the remainder till another day; the fact of the matter being that I wished to have an excuse for again visiting Kyama, and besides I was beginning to be uneasy about my present success. No sooner, however, had I completed my purchase, than I received a most pressing invitation from the Captain to stay and dine with him, to which invitation I acceded with delight.

I had not, as yet, seen a single member of the family save Captain Capel himself, and I was far from suspecting *him* to have anything to do with *my* wedding bonnet. Just, however, as we were returning towards the house a young man rode furiously to meet us, and without deigning the slightest notice to his father's companion, addressed the Captain abruptly:—"Father, have you positively been *selling* hay?"

"I have, Bob; why do you ask the question?"

"Well, it is a go!" said he, and the respectful youth turned his horse and left us as suddenly as he came.

During my short opportunity I had closely examined this young scion of the Capels, as I had no doubt he was, and I did not feel like honestly congratulating my host upon the possession of such an heir. He was an ill-tempered, obstinate looking youth, and withal had little stamp of the intelligence in his beetling brows and low forehead. As he spoke the words I have recorded and rode away, I sent a private and joyful opinion of my own after him, for I was at last on the right track of the mystery.

"Yes, Mr Bob, my hearty," I thought; "I think I could find an owner now for the wedding bonnet and the revolver; ay, and the two hundred and fifty flimsies into the bargain."

I noticed a cloud gather on the Captain's face as he looked after his son; and, as if under an irrepressible impulse, he turned away and addressed me:—"I wish I could see him learn to overcome that fiery spasmodic temper of his."

"Your son, I presume, Captain? Oh, time will settle all that for you! And you know that it is these strong willed youths that, properly trained and curbed, make the true heroes of life."

"True, sir, but time is passing now, I fear, for ours or his. Robert will be of age the day after to-morrow. By the bye, we celebrate the occasion with a ball in my house; I trust your leisure will permit of your favoring us by your company."

I bowed and declared myself only too happy to accept the invitation.

"There he goes," said his father again with a sigh, as Mr. Robert sped down the poplar avenue like a shot; "off without the slightest intimation, but I hope everything from his marriage. Miss Seldon is the sweetest being in existence."

"Ah, there is then a marriage in view, Captain?"

"Yes, I shall have the pleasure of introducing my ward and future daughter-in-law to you at dinner. John, show this gentleman to a room," and my host, consigning me to the care of a servant, left me.

I was conducted into a dressing room, and in one moment guessed that a mistake had been made by my conductor, and that I had been shown into the young gentleman's apartment. I was only too glad, however, to take advantage of it, and while I washed the dust of the road off my hands and face, I ruminated with delight upon the *second* discovery I had made. The first was the uneasiness of Mr. Bob at the sale of the hay, of which he had no doubt heard from one of the servants; and the second was the paper on the wall of his dressing room, which was the exact pattern of that upon the bonnet box.

"Well, Mark, my man," I soliloquized, "there's some fun in this; a sort of relief, you see, after more tragical duties; and nothing but scheming and counter-scheming in it as far as I can see yet. But *nous verrons*." Shortly afterwards I joined Captain Capel, and after partaking of a light lunch, we spent a couple of hours in visiting the different hobbies of the good gentleman. It is not necessary here to state what they separately were; suffice it to say, that I was all anxiety for the dinner hour, in hopes of once more seeing Master Bob, and also of having a look at the ladies.

Well, at length the hour did arrive, and I found myself seated at table, after being introduced to "Miss Seldon, my ward," and to "Miss Tennant." The latter introduction was performed rather stiffly by the Captain, and with an air of condescension that fully marked to the eye of a stranger the difference in the position of the two young ladies in the house. I fear I shall be incapable of explaining to you my feelings as I took my seat opposite to the companion dubbed Miss Tennant. I was puzzled and bewildered, in fact completely "flabbergasted," for in the airily dressed and affected young dame with the keen black eyes and demure mien before me, I recognised at the first glance an escaped prisoner and convicted thief!

I was conscious of making some replies to the garrulous Captain that were anything but to the point; and it was with a strong effort only that I resumed my ordinary self-possession, and managed to carry on a general conversation during the progression to the "*ladies*," and at the same time not lose a movement or an expression, however fleeting, that passed over the countenance of Miss Tennant.

She was evidently quite uneasy at the absence of somebody, and I doubted not that the somebody was none other than Mr. Capel himself. Having become quite certain of her identity with the escaped prisoner I mentioned, you perceive I had in her former conduct a clue to the present "game," and could almost have sworn to it without further proof. Yes, Miss Tennant's was no doubt the wedding bonnet, and I was hard hearted enough to chuckle over my determination that she should never wear it.

In one feeling, however, I thoroughly sympathised with the fair dame during dinner, for I was quite as anxious to see Mr. Bob enter as she could be herself; it would have been worth something to me could I have had an opportunity of observing them together; but time passed, and the young hopeful did not arrive.

I have not described this daring adventuress to you, as yet, and perhaps you would like to know what appearance the most clever and unprincipled woman it has been my lot to encounter, in the United States Police Force, presented to the world. Well, she was of middle height, dark haired, and, as I have already stated, possessed of keen dark eyes, of which she knew how to make use on all occasions; but otherwise she was an ordinary, common place looking woman, of perhaps 25 years, and not possessed of the most distant approach to beauty, variously as tastes signify the term. Indeed, as I sat at table, I caught myself wondering more than once what hidden attraction or fascination was about the creature, who seemed to have passed her womanhood in befooling and leading by the nose all the silly young men she had come in contact with. To do so is not a very difficult task, you may fancy, and yet experience tells us that it is not every woman who can accomplish even that.

Captain Capel treated Miss Tennant with invariable and cold politeness; and no one could fail to remark that her place as "companion" was rigidly defined by Miss Seldon also. The latter young lady was pretty, and a perfect gentlewoman; in fact a true type of an American young lady; with the calm possession of a well bred woman, perfectly conscious of her position. I could not imagine how such a girl had reconciled herself to a union with a cub like Mr. Bob; but girls are puzzles, you know, and will no doubt remain so to the end of time.

Well, dinner was over, and I should never have sought the drawing room at all were it not for my anxiety to see this young man. I was in hopes that he might have joined the ladies, but I was disappointed. I found Miss Seldon alone, and decided upon making my adieu and returning to the camp; and so, having been favored with the tips of the young lady's fingers, I made my retreat without sound of trumpet, as the captain had fallen asleep over his wine, and sought the stable quietly. It was fortunate I did so, for as I approached the door the sound of whispering voices arrested me, and I drew behind the wall silently.

"It's an infernal business, that's what it is, Liz! That cursed bonnet of yours and my father's money—why, whoever finds them has the whole story at his fingers' ends!"

The voice was Mr. Robert's, and from the sounds I guessed that he had just returned, and was stalling his horse.

"Oh! I shall be ruined if it is discovered, Robert!" gasped the shaver in his pocket. The other stockholders do not complain, because they get from sixty to ninety per cent. interest on their capital, although they are entitled to much larger dividends. When business at the roulette and trente-et-quarante tables is dull, the news is spread every where that somebody has won enormous sums of money from the bank. Judging from all the other watering places then flock to Hamburg. It was Blanc who first introduced into his gambling hell the feature of female decoy-ducks. Ladies generally shrink from gambling there if the seats at the tables are all occupied by the bevis of creation, the shrewd Blanc, therefore, employs half a dozen Parisian cocottes, with somewhat faded charms, to sit all day long at the tables and gamble with funds which he furnishes to them. They are very richly dressed, and the croupiers address them with "Duchess" and "Countess" and the like; but these wretched women have to doff their finery at 11 o'clock at night, when the turnoil is closed, and when they return in their own humble toilet to the garret where they live. Their expenses are paid by Blanc, who gives them, in addition, five or six francs a day.

"Nevertheless it is true, Captain; and not less, as I assure you, that the late Miss Tennant was convicted of theft under the name, or *alias*, of "Liz Porter." She had one of the stolen bracelets on to-night in your house; and it was from one of her protectors that she stole it, in company with many other valuable articles.

"What was her sentence?" inquired Captain Capel.

"Five years with hard labor, and she will do it now, if not with addition for her successful escape."

And she *did*; that is to say, Liz Porter is "doing it" yet, and no one pities her.

We kept that wondrous box and the revolver as relics of the event. As for the wedding bonnet, I myself made it a present to a pretty young lady, whom it became a marvel. We do take such things upon us in the force sometimes.

I know you will be glad to hear that Felton has doffed the jacket. In consequence of several family deaths he is now the owner of his father's estate, and, residing in good style in Philadelphia, is as happy as he deserves to be. As for Kyama, I have never been there since, but I believe Mr. Bob still remains a bachelor, Miss Seldon having refused to have anything to do with him after the *exposé*.

A GERMAN GAMBLER.—Usually it is announced by gambling bulletins "all prizes and no blanks," but it seems that they have one Blanc at Hamburg, Germany, who is said to be the fortunate possessor of 60,000,000 francs. A large amount, and if the last three cyphers were erased, it would come more within the bounds of credence. Said Blanc is the proprietor of a gambling saloon, and thirty years ago went to Frankfort with only twenty francs in his pocket. He is nominally the President of a Stock Company, but he waters the stock constantly and keeps most of the shares in his pocket. The other stockholders do not complain, because they get from sixty to ninety per cent. interest on their capital, although they are entitled to much larger dividends. When business at the roulette and trente-et-quarante tables is dull, the news is spread every where that somebody has won enormous sums of money from the bank. Judging from all the other watering places then flock to Hamburg. It was Blanc who first introduced into his gambling hell the feature of female decoy-ducks. Ladies generally shrink from gambling there if the seats at the tables are all occupied by the bevis of creation, the shrewd Blanc, therefore, employs half a dozen Parisian cocottes, with somewhat faded charms, to sit all day long at the tables and gamble with funds which he furnishes to them. They are very richly dressed, and the croupiers address them with "Duchess" and "Countess" and the like; but these wretched women have to doff their finery at 11 o'clock at night, when the turnoil is closed, and when they return in their own humble toilet to the garret where they live. Their expenses are paid by Blanc, who gives them, in addition, five or six francs a day.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ

Richmond Hill and the Tivoli.

In the heart of the Eighth Ward of this city, at the corner of Varick and Charlton streets, stood not many years since a fine pre-revolutionary mansion which bore a historical reputation from having been the official residence of the Vice Presidents of the United States during the earlier years of the republic. It was possibly on this account that Richmond Hill owed its consecration for so long a time after all the other revolutionary memorials had either perished or been converted to utilitarian purposes of the most practical character. The mansion was likewise an object of general curiosity from having been the residence of Aaron Burr at the time of his duel with Hamilton, for strange to say that notwithstanding the bitter denunciation of that act at the time of its occurrence, Col. Burr was a very general favorite with the people of New York, who admired his personal ability, his bravery and determination and his political principles. The federalists, of which Gen. Hamilton was the accepted leader, were never popular with the masses in New York city, and this political prejudice may have gone far to extenuate the conduct of Burr, who, after his return from Europe, took up his residence in Nassau street, where he resumed the practice of the law. He died, however, at a house in the lower part of Broadway, and was buried at Princeton, in New Jersey. I remember the Vice President in my youthful days, but then he was an aged man, scrupulously neat in his dress, with marked, but not handsome, features, a very polite and agreeable gentleman of the olden time. His right arm was slightly paralyzed, and the opinion of the vulgar attributed this affliction as a retribution, as this arm held the pistol discharging the fatal shot upon Hamilton.

I have been informed by those who had good opportunities for knowing, that all common reports with respect to the origin of this famous duel have their foundation in error. The animosity between Burr and Hamilton, I am assured, dated back to the earlier days of the Revolution, during the time of the occupation of the city by the Continental troops. The political dispute to which it is alleged the duel referred, was only a pretext to draw to an end a long standing and bitter hatred, which had been treasured up by Burr with fearful pertinacity.

When Washington occupied New York, Hamilton was his aide-de-camp, while Burr served in a similar capacity to Gen. Putnam. Among the hostages held by General Putnam, and an inmate of the same house with his family, was a Miss Moncreiffe, a daughter of a British major stationed at Staten Island. The relations of Burr with the general naturally brought him in contact with this lady, who, although but fourteen years of age, had turned the heads of all the younger officers of the army through her superlative beauty and numerous accomplishments. Burr was fearfully enamored with her; Hamilton saw and was conquered, and to possess her from possibility of receiving the daily visits of a rival living beneath the same roof with her, he persuaded the commander-in-chief to cause her transfer, as a spy, to general headquarters. Burr has been charged with the seduction of the young lady, who afterwards married a Captain Coghlan, and became the mistress of the Duke of York, commander-in-chief of the British forces. After leading a life of dissoluteness Mrs. Coghlan, while in the debtors' prison in London, wrote and published her memoirs, wherein she uses the following words in connection with her release from American captivity:—"the conqueror of my virgin heart was a colonel in the American army." Now, this person—the alleged seducer—could not be Aaron Burr, for he did not arrive at the rank of colonel until long after Miss Moncrieffe's departure, but it most assuredly must have been the handsome and youthful Col. Hamilton, the favorite adviser and aid to Washington. At all events Burr never forgave this interference with his early passion, and from that hour the bitterness between the two men grew apace, culminating in the political quarrel resulting in the death of Alexander Hamilton.

Richmond Hill, as I first remember it, was a good sized family mansion with a yellow front, with white portico supported by four large wooden pillars. It stood about the rear of the lots fronting upon Varick street, prefaced by a species of garden showing faint evidence of horticultural taste, and formed, taken altogether, a very fair specimen of a mansion, fitted intended for a ladies' boarding school or other institution, representation of which heads a circular designed for country circulation. But the surroundings of the place were lacrymose in the extreme, for the buildings were diminutive, interspersed with oyster houses of a primitive order, with bar-rooms of a questionable appearance, with tall hickory poles, relics of the last Jacksonian campaign, and all the evidences of being blessed with a rough and rugged population, among which no stranger would desire to venture without a heavy insurance upon limb and life. In fact the whole Varick street has ever been notorious in our municipal annals for having been a species of Scandanavia, whence poured, especially during election times, the hordes of Huge Paws, Short Boys and other barbarian clans which carried desultory warfare upon equally hostile bands inhabiting contiguous districts, to the great detriment of the public peace. But at that period, when the polls were open for three entire days, lawlessness was a virtue, ruling politics in every variation.

The Richmond Hill mansion was gradually converted into a theatre, I believe, to accommodate the Montressor troupe of Italian vocalists. I may be mistaken, but with them originated popular knowledge of the place as one of public amusement. Why a band of incomparable artists should have selected so obscure a locality it is impossible to imagine, yet a similar fatality in judgment appears to have distinguished the erection of all edifices subsequently devoted to the Italian Opera.

The introduction of the Montressor company was due to the inspiration of Lorenzo L. Da Ponte, the elder, the author of the libretto of many operas, notably that of the "Marriage of Figaro," as a vehicle for Mozart's music, which still does and forever will retain possession of the stage whilst melody is cultivated as a science. Possibly political considerations may have prompted Da Ponte's predilection in favor of this country, for at that time Carbonarism reigned omnipotent in Italy, for the moment only, to be suppressed by a ruthless persecution of Italian patriots. The hostility of the Austrian government appeared directly against the poets of Italy, who, in exile, naturally selected republican America as an asylum to monarchical countries.

Well, the Montressor troupe came; not a mere band of strollers, but a well organized company, comparatively perfect, with its scene painters, its musicians, its prompter and all the requirements of the stage not to be procured hereabout. It was designed from the very outstart to be a permanent institution in our city, and would doubtlessly have become so had not the enterprise, originating in the brains of enthusiasts, proved at least twenty years in advance of the public, during those twenty years the public regulators of taste have paid dearly for their assumed task, and, I believe, somewhat ineffectually, for, even at this date, opera of any description, Italian particularly, may be deemed a precarious speculation.

I am not acquainted with the operatic doings of the Montressor company, but I recollect that, after erecting a temple under their own design and direction and dedicated to their own service at the corner of Church and Leonard streets, subsequently known as the National Theatre, the enterprise collapsed and a dispersion of the artists followed as a natural consequence. But of one thing I am personally aware, that the dispersion of this body of talent in our midst resulted in the introduction of many improvements in our social condition.

Da Ponte devoted himself to the dissemination of knowledge of Italian literature and history and became a professor of that language at one of our city colleges, in this way familiarizing our youth with a tongue heretofore as unintelligible to them as the Sanscrit or Choctaw. In this work he was joined by Piero Maroncelli, the fellow prisoner of Silvio Pellico, a venerable, prematurely grey gentleman, oftentimes in Br adway to be seen hobbling upon crutches and one leg, the other having rotted away during his confinement in a pestilential Austrian dungeon. The son of Da Ponte, following in his father's example, distinguished himself as a poet and historian, occupying the professorship of history in the University. His daughter married Professor Anderson, the eminent mathematician of Columbia College, while the last I saw of his grandson was officiating as secretary to one of the divisions of the order of the Lone Star.

But it is to the scenic artists of the Montressor company, headed by Bragaldi, who was likewise a professional architect, that the community at large are the most indebted for the gratification it has derived from a more refined taste in architectural decoration, as through their means fresco painting in both the public and private houses became thoroughly appreciated. Few who visited Palmo's coffee house on the corner of Reade street and Broadway, or his subsequent *Cafe des Mille Colonnes*, just above the hospital, failed to admire the immense improvement which artistically painted walls afforded over the tinsel finery theretofore employed in the ornamentation of public halls. Even staid congregations caught the infection, and the church of the Messiah, now the theatre, opposite Waverley Place, when in course of building, was painted throughout in perspective and in imitation of these artists, and excited general admiration as to the wonderful effect produced by a judicious use of a painter's brush. Private individuals next caught the fever, headed by the enterprising A. T. Stewart, the interior of whose house, then situated at the western end of Depau place, was speedily converted into an architectural palace through the agency of Bragaldi and his associates. This gentleman's skill as an architect was also employed to grace Broadway with the purest specimen of architecture to be found along the line of that promenade in Stewart's down town store. Bragaldi, had he tarried with us, would have reaped a golden harvest, but in a fatal hour he, unlike Joseph, yielded to the fascinations of the wife of a mercantile Potiphar smitten with the fresco mania, and fled the country to avoid the legal consequences of his infatuation.

Previously to the opening of the Richmond Hill as a theatre there had existed one entitled the Lafayette, in Thompson street near Canal, which was managed by a gentleman subsequently distinguished as our militia veteran, Major General Sanford, of the First Division, who, I believe, likewise owned the Mount Pitt Circus on the east side of the town. The destruction of this house by fire doubtlessly gave an impetus to the Richmond Hill enterprise, for during several seasons this last became comparatively popular, until the Montressor troupe created as a direct rival to the Park, under the management of the elder Wallack, again diverted the stream of popularity to a fresher channel and left Richmond Hill a victim to empty boxes.

Who among old play-goers fails to remember the sensation created by the youthful and handsome Miss Nelson in the "Mountain Sylph," wherein she displayed her vocal abilities and the symmetry of a faultless form to the patrons of Richmond Hill with a fascination and *abandon* no anchorite could withstand? Night after night were the benches overladen with masculine admirers—whose name was legion—of this truly beautiful lady, and doubtlessly the management blessed their stars that so sprightly a fairy had descended from the theatrical sphere into their midst. It was the salvation of their enterprise, and as long as this bright particular star could be induced to appear the doors of the house would be thronged and the treasury well filled.

Miss Nelson, originally of an excellent family in Devonshire, England, had gone upon the stage in consequence of some youthful indiscretion for which she had incurred the displeasure of her family, who thereupon discarded her. Acknowledged to be of rare personal beauty, with a good voice and attractive figure, the *debutante* possessed advantages which could be successfully employed to outwit the Vestris, then passing into the decay of years. Her theatrical career was a complete success, for through her performance of the Mountain Sylph she reached the pinnacle of fame. Miss Nelson had espoused a vocalist named Hodges, who, jealous, it is said, of the universal attention bestowed upon his wife, persuaded her to retire from the stage. She did so, and the happy husband proceeded to a southern city, where, with an eye to business, he transferred the lady's charms to grace a hotel of which he had become proprietor. But his martial felicity was not decreed to be of long continuance, for at sight of a popular actor who chanced that way, the clipped wings of the Mountain Sylph began to bud again; almost instantaneously they attained locomotive proportions, for with her companion she winged her flight to parts unknown, the strolling actor leaving an unpaid bill as a kind memento of his fraternal regards.

Miss Nelson subsequently reappeared among us as Mrs. John Brougham, and persevered both at Wallack's and Burton's. But, alas! who, looking upon that still pleasing face, surrounding, however, a frame grown to corpulence, could detect in that dame, fat, fair and forty, the etherial sprite—the Mountain Sylph—the very twirl of whose leg used to turn our brain during the palmy days of Richmond Hill.

The name of this theatre was at one time connected with a deal of scandal arising from an attempt on the part of Thomas S. Hamblin forcibly to abduct from its stage one of his children when about to perform in some infantile part. The newspapers of the day teemed with glowing accounts of this theatrical outrage; how it was thwarted by the chivalric heroism of a stage carpenter, who traveled upon his muscle into the mouth of abductor in a style worthy of a benevolent puffist; how the frantic mother appealed to the audience for protection, and how the audience would only be satisfied when with the child, carried in the arms of its belligerent preserver, he came down to the footlights to receive the ovation of the house for his valor and devotion to the cause of distressed maternity. The whole secret of the affair can be explained in the fact that after obtaining a divorce from her husband, Miss Hamblin had married an actor much younger than herself, named Charles, but still continued to appear on the stage by her husband's name. This conduct incited the unctuous Thomas, about to recommit himself to the bonds of matrimony, and he determined upon seizing his child and holding it as a hostage until some arrangement could be made whereby the second marriage of his former wife should be officially recognized. Although the attempted abduction was a fizzle the consummation sought to be arrived at was attained indirectly.

My friend Hamblin was decidedly a marrying man in the literal sense of the word, and what was worse, every one of his marriages was attended with such suspicious circumstances as to give rise to a deal of gossip which in each instance proved positively detrimental to his business interests. After being divorced, Hamblin married Miss Naomi Vincent, a young, talented and promising actress, who, after a year or so of married life, died under circumstances never satisfactorily explained to the numerous chronic sceptics ever to be found among the newspaper community. Then a very handsome lady, Miss Missouri Miller, a half sister to Josephine Clifton, who had but recently appeared before the public, died suddenly in the earliest prime of life, although performing at the National but a few days before the occurrence of that event. Many sensation stories, coupling Mr. Hamblin's name with the deceased, being circulated and strong articles breathing vengeance having been printed in the news journals, our marrying man, to a lay the excitement of the public, acknowledged that he had honored the dead lady with the gift of his heart and hand. Miss Miller disposed of, Hamblin united his destinies with those of a Miss Medina, the authoress of a number of spectacular dramas written expressly for him and the boys in the Bowery. How long she enjoyed connubial felicity I cannot say, but certain it is that she exchanged time for eternity with that celerity distinguishing her marital predecessors. Then Tom married Mrs. Shaw, the actress, who had obtained a divorce from her husband, and, as if to put a full denial to insinuations as to the Blue Beard practices of her spouse, she has not only condescended to survive him but has lived long enough to see her son serve as an officer in the late Army of the Potomac.

After remaining some years in abeyance an attempt was made to resuscitate the fallen fortunes of Richmond Hill by changing the character of the pieces heretofore performed, and by reconstructing the appearance of the establishment, remodeling it after the manner of Niblo's. The reform was commenced by christening the place the Tivoli Gardens, which said gardens consisted of wooden promenade, decorated with many colored lanterns, and followed up by the engagement of a very clever vaudeville company, but the experiment failed after a short trial, leaving no trace of the garden's existence beyond memory of its name, which was faithfully treasured up to cover subsequent desecration of Richmond Hill's fair fame.

The final management was announced to have been under direction of a Mrs. Butler, but in reality it was the work of her husband, a most cap

days of Samson until now, the jaw-bone of an ass has been among the most fatal of weapons. Within two months we have heard the cashier of one of our city banks; also, one of the members of a leading New York banking house; also, a shoe dealer of large business connections; also, a captain of the Metropolitan Police; also, the president of a St. Louis bank, deliver most effective discourses to the poor and the outcasts of New York.

Our Wickedest Man was not present at the meeting above described, else things might have gone differently. He has a most unique way of quieting rowdies on such occasions. He takes the ringleader by the collar, and jerks him out of his boots and into decorum by a single application of muscle. Or, he seizes some obstreperous disturber by the throat and impressively exclaims:—

"You lousy hound, what do you mean by treating the ministers of the Gospel with disrespect? When a gentleman takes the trouble to bring you a message from Heaven for nothing, aren't you man enough to listen to him respectfully? If I catch you making any more disturbance here, I'll boot you into the dock!"

Another of his "means of grace" is to take a boisterous worshipper by the collar, and say:—

"Come here and take a drink, you son of a thief!" And, after administering a dose of Bourbon to him, he gives him a jerk and a shove, and says, "Now go mind your God, and see that you treat the preacher respectfully, or I'll button your nose over your eye!"

By such measures and others of a similar character, this phenominal creature at an out-door Sabbath meeting will keep in order a crowd that it would seem could be reduced to subjection by no other means. His own criticisms on the speakers, meanwhile, are as unsparing as they are original. He has a keen perception of their fitness or unfitness, as the case may be, and no one rejoices more than he does when a speaker proves himself called of Heaven to the work, nor grieves more poignantly when one brings the cause he attempts to serve into contempt by his incapacity and folly.

It must be that there is something in this man's blood which makes him as eager for sacred songs and for religious services as the setter is for game. His declaration, quoted in our former article, that "grit and *grace* run through his family as the Tigris and the Jordan run through the Holy Land," was no mere idle boast. To those three clerical brothers of his we hope yet to see a fourth added. John Allen, as a preacher of the Gospel to the out-door poor of New York, and to the vagabonds of the streets and docks, would be the Boanerges of the Metropolis.

Allen is tender-hearted towards poor children. He gathers them into his infernal place by dozens and scores during inclement weather and especially in the winter, and often not only feeds but clothes them; he also sends them to Sabbath school. Sometimes he goes into the streets on the Sabbath and gathers up the vagrant children in squads and marches them off to the Mission Sabbath School in Dover street, or to some other similar institution elsewhere. And he looks to their behavior, too, after he gets them into Sabbath school, and takes a fatherly interest in their welfare.

This man takes especial pleasure in helping the most helpless classes. Licensed venders come in for a goodly share of his friendly attentions. A "licensed vender" is a metropolitan character, provided by Providence to dispense the necessaries of life where but for him they might never go. His implements of trade usually consist of a horse, cart and harness, worth altogether, from $30 to $50. His horse can barely crawl; his cart and harness barely hold together; and not unfrequently the licensed vender is himself the most rickety part of the whole concern.

The licensed vender's stock in trade consists in from five to ten dollars' worth of truck—fish, greens, coke, vegetables, coal, kindling wood, etc. His customers are the very poorest people in the city; people so abjectly poor and squalid that no adequate idea can be given of their actual condition except by personal visitation; people who have to buy their food and fuel by the penny's worth—who sometimes buy a few cents' worth of potatoes and a few cents' worth of tea, and five cents' worth of wood, and who first boil the potatoes and then make the tea with the same hot water in which the potatoes were boiled, because they cannot afford wood enough to heat water twice.

In carrying his meagre supplies from street to street the licensed vender not unfrequently comes to grief. His cart breaks down or his harness gives way, or his horse gives out and tumbles to the pavement. Then it is that man's inhumanity to man makes the licensed vender mourn. The rabble jeer at him; the boys pelt him; the ruffians rob him. And then, also, it is that our Wickedest Man—but no wickedest in this—if he happens to discover the situation, comes out in all his glory. He hastens to the licensed vender's aid, scatters his enemies, repairs damages, gets the horse upon its feet, and sends the poor, helpless man, on his way rejoicing. This is benevolence.

Among the most recent "distinguished" visitors to Mr. Allen's abode were several large deputations from the Democratic National Convention, when that institution was lately flourishing in Fourteenth street. One company of country delegates, numbering thirty, went down to No. 304 Water street, under the escort of Captain Thorne, of the Fourth Precinct; and we are informed that on one evening as many as sixty delegates were present at one time, filling both bar-room and dancing saloon, and protruding upon the stoop and sidewalk. They had all read our account of the Wickedest Man and were anxious to see him. He was courteous and cordial, as he always is to visitors. One of the delegates remarked:—

"I suppose this is about the worst section of the city, Mr. Allen, from all accounts?" To which Allen quietly replied:—

"Well, yes, it has *had* that reputation; *but just now it is completely eclipsed by Fourteenth street!*"

This retort was received with applause, and the delegates hailed "The Wickedest" as a man and a brother.

It is useless for any one to attempt to contend with Allen in words; war or rhetorical "fence." When in one of his "hapniest moods" he has as abundance of shafts which no armor can withstand. He is a keen judge of human nature and takes exquisite delight in roasting a *pretentious* greenhorn or a *conceited* ass, whom he never fails to recognize on sight.

"When one of those fellows come in here," he says, "I just quietly draw him away from his base so far he can't get back, *and then go at him and break his heart with a little wholesome talk!*"

We should like to give specimens of that "little wholesome talk," but fear that the stomach of polite society is not yet quite strong enough for such concentrated aliment.

Many people, after reading that part of our sketch which appeared in *Packard's Monthly* for July, have said to us:—

"Your Wickedest Man in New York does not seem to be such a very wicked fellow after all; on the contrary, according to your account of him, he seems to be rather a good sort of man."

The Wickedest Man himself, as we have already stated, took a different view of our article, and was heart-stricken by it, and shed tears over it.

It would seem, therefore, that there is a point here which needs clearing up, and we will, therefore, clear it up.

According to our view of the matter, the pre-[illegible]ness of John Allen comes from his wilful perversion of those own original excellence of character, the prostitution of extraordinary talents to base uses, and the persistent violation of divine laws, the truth and binding force of which he clearly perceives and steadfastly believes.

There is a plentiful supply of men in New York who are far more vile, beastly and repulsive than this Wickedest Man. In point of fact he is not repulsive; he does not impress one who knows him as a "vile fellow," but as a bold, chivalric emissary of Pandemonium, who has good points enough to enable him to serve his satanic chieftain with a force and efficiency which no mere bestial satrap of hell could ever achieve.

We are glad that he has the grace to be grieved by our "showing him up as we have found him," according to agreement; glad that he winces at the thought of his children some day reading our sketch. For, as we said in the beginning, we like the man, despite his wickedness, and would do much to rescue him from the fate to which he seems to be rushing.

JOHN ALLEN'S PROMISE.

At 4 o'clock P. M., on Friday, the 10th day of July, after the foregoing had been put in type, we had an interview with John Allen, in the private room of Mr. Acton, and in Mr. Acton's presence, at Police Headquarters, No. 300 Mulberry street. Allen protested against being called the Wickedest Man in New York. Said he:—

"I am not the wickedest man in this city. There are lots of worse men than I am—men who never help the poor, nor poor children, nor do anything for anybody, and Mr. Acton here knows that I spend hundreds of dollars in that way."

We then stated why we considered him the Wickedest Man in New York, quoting the paragraph above in which we embody our views on that point. This seemed to be a new view of the subject to him—and on our offering to state anything *as coming from him*, which he wished to have said, he replied:—

"Well, just say that I have *some* good points, and that I am not the Wickedest Man in New York by a long way."

Mr. Acton then tackled him about his keeping such a den, and sent the truth home to his heart that, by staying there he would blight the life of his idolized boy.

"And now, John," continued Mr. Acton, "I want you to promise us that you will quit that place and give your children a fair chance."

Allen hesitated and remonstrated for a long time, but finally said:—

"Well, I promise to do it."

"*When* will you quit?" we asked.

"The first of next May," he replied.

"Say September," said Mr. Acton.

"I can't do it—impossible. You could not get out of here in a week! My other property is rented and I can't manage it before May."

"Yes you can, John," persisted Mr. Acton; "say September."

"Well, if I can sell out my business, I will," he at last said.

"No, John, be a man, and do the clean thing. Quit the business, turn your house into a home for poor girls and regenerate that whole region. You can do it if you'll only try."

Allen was powerfully affected, and at last said:—

"Well, gentlemen, *I give you my word that I'll quit the business by the first of next May,* SURE, *and as much sooner as I can!*" and he rushed from the room.

"He'll do it," said Mr. Acton, as Allen disappeared. "John never goes back on his pledged word. The fact is, you have hit him in the very core of his heart. Your sketch painted his very soul and the picture is constantly before him. He has been in a state of unrest ever since. He never knew before how wicked he is, nor what his true standing is. That boy of his is the strong point. He worships that child and wants him to grow up a good and great man, and *now* he begins to see how cruel it is to keep the child in such a place. Besides, John himself has good points, lot's of 'em. *He really wants to be a man.* He was up here with me an hour and a half last Sunday morning, talking about these matters. What there is bad in him can be cured and you'll get him, sure. Let the people keep praying for him. God rules in this world and *He* will bring these matters all out straight."

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JAMES F. SHERRY.

This gentleman, whose portrait is given in this week's CLIPPER, was born in Philadelphia in 1838, and is therefore thirty years of age. He made his first appearance on the stage at the City Museum, Philadelphia, in 1854, then under the management of J. E. McDonough, from whence he went to Chicago, and after performing there two seasons migrated to St. Louis, where he succeeded in making himself a favorite, his services being retained for three years. After that he made a tour of the United States, playing in most of the principal cities. He then returned to his birthplace, and was engaged at the New Chestnut Street Theatre, which engagement was brought to a termination by a difference with the management, ending in a suit at law. His next and most successful effort was in organizing a dramatic company under the title of "Sherry's New York Theatre," with which, accompanied by a brass band, he has made several successful tours of this state and Pennsylvania. He has the repute of being an excellent manager, and his several successes in that line will be found duly recorded in the CLIPPER of the past year or two. He still retains the management of his company, and we expect to have favorable reports of his achievements during the forthcoming season.

FISH HATCHING.—The gradual but wholesale decrease of fish in our rivers is, we are glad to know, eliciting the attention of scientific men of the Walloonian school, among them Seth Green, one of the fish commissioners of this State, who has been at Holyoke, MASS., "making" shad for the Holyoke river. Writing from thence, this saith Seth Green:—"I am hatching shad at this place, and shall probably be there until the 20th instant, as the season is drawing to a close. It is impossible for me to be in every place at once. I would request those interested to come or send committees to Holyoke and witness the hatching and handling of spawn. They will have an opportunity of witnessing the process of incubation in all its stages. I am hatching from seven to ten million shad per day, and in three years the river will contain from ten to thirty million pounds more of shad. Is not this the best method of cheapening food? When the price of fish is reduced more than sixty per cent. it will be within the reach of rich and poor, and that will be when our lakes and rivers are filled full of fish adapted to the waters. Every acre of water is worth two of land, and it can be filled at one thousandth part of the expense. If the press will put their shoulder to the wheel with the people, we can have fish of all kinds in so great abundance as to at it will displace, to a great extent, expensive meats, and by publishing this letter you will greatly oblige SETH GREEN."

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a person drawing an ox's teeth like the sun-set?—Because he's an *ox-dental* phenomenon.

WHAT is the difference between the married and the divorced?—The former are *united* and the latter unfied.

WHY are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like *arrows*?—Because they can't go off without a *beau* and are in a *quiver* till they get one.

WHY are most good looking ladies like inveterate topers?—Because they are dreadfully fond of the glass.

WHY is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—Because we are glad when he leaves.

WHEN does the male portion of a congregation become female?—When the *hims* are her'd.

WHY are books our best friends?—Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offence.

BREVITIES.

ONE who knows that no credit is ever given to his assertions has the more right to contradict his words.

THE vapors of the atmosphere are produced by water; those of the mind by whiskey.

THE merchant does more than the sea captain; the latter makes sail, the former makes sales.

MANY men and women have sad occasion to know that two do not necessarily make a pair.

PERFECTION.—He that seeks perfection on earth leaves nothing new for the saints to find in heaven.

INDUSTRY.—As the sweetest rose grows upon the sharpest prickle, so the hardest labors bring forth the sweetest profit.

WILLS.—What you leave at your death let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.

ABUSE.—A gentle reply to scurrilous language is severe revenge.

IF you want to kindle the *flame* of love in a lady's breast, you must *spark* her till she is eager for a *match*.

THE shepherd that steals the sheep he tends lives by *hook* and by *crook*.

No woman should paint, except she who has lost the power of blushing.

FORGIVE.—If your neighbor's offence is rank don't let yours be rancour.

IT is easy to tell a hard drinker—his offence is *brandied* on the end of his nose.

HARD.—"I didn't think you would be so hard with me," as the shark said when he bit the anchor.

IF you think that your opportunities are not good enough, you had better *improve* them.

HERCULES was probably a great card player; his favorite card was the ace of clubs.

"YOU cruel man, my tears have no effect on you at all." "Well, drop them, dear."

VICE has no friend like the prejudices which call themselves virtue.

IF a man who worships idols may be called a heathen, a woman who does the same must be a *she*-then.

A WOMAN, fond as she may be of talking, could more easily close forever her mouth than her heart.

GOOD women are not apt to grudge each other anything except clothes and husbands.

THE cooks of splendid households are given rather to feed upon us than to feed us.

THE seriousness of a young girl is rarely so innocent as her fun.

TIME is a cruel alchymist; it can transmute the golden wedding ring into a galling iron chain.

BREVITY of speech is sure to give comprehensiveness of thought.

TRUE love, like Greek fire, is inextinguishable; but, unlike Greek fire, it burns with a pleasant fragrance.

THERE cannot be a pleasant smile upon the lips of the hopeless. The blow which crushes the life will shatter the smile.

IT is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.

ACTS are only resolutions grown up, of which the largest number die at their birth.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

BETTER to be despised for too anxious an apprehension than ruined by too confident a security.

WELL may we love the beautiful and stately spring, whose robe-folds are valleys, whose breast-bouquet is gardens and whose blush is a vernal evening.

GREAT vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults, of our pity; but affectation appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous.

AN ounce of essence is worth a gallon of fluid. A wise saw is more valuable than a whole book, and a plain truth is better than an argument.

WHEN one dips his head at night under water there is an awful stillness round about him. Into a similar supernatural stillness of the under world does Shakespeare introduce us.

RICHES.—Misery assails riches, as lightning does the highest towers. Or as a tree that is heavily laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.

GENIUS is not intoxication, and it is even more than rapture; it is capacity subject to the law of truth and beauty—the intense action of the soul, exalted, harmonious, and illuminated.

LIFE often resembles the trap tree, with its spines directed upward, on which the bear easily clambers up to the honey bait, but from which he can slide down again only under severe stings.

AS before swift ships there swims a hill of water, and a corresponding one glides along behind, so always before us is a mountain of sleigh we hope to climb, and behind us still a deep valley out of which we have ascended.

MERRY MOMENTS.

TOO HONORABLE.—Have I not offered you every advantage?" said a doting father to his son. "Oh, yes," replied the youth; "but I could not think of taking advantage of my father."

A LOGICAL APPEAL.—That was a triumphant appeal of the man who was a lover of antiquity, who in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that lasted so long as the ancient?"

WICKED WIT.—One asked a magistrate how he did so conform himself to the grave justices, his brothers, when they met. "Why, in faith," says he, "I have no way but to drink myself down to the capacity of the bench."

AN EXPRESSIVE CLOSE.—An orator, who had raised his audience to a great height by his lofty soarings, exclaimed:—"I will close in the beautiful and expressive language of the poet—I forget his name—and—I forget what he said, too."

A GOOD REASON.—An Irishman being asked why he refused to pay a doctor's bill, said: "shure he didn't give me anything but some emitics, and divil a one would stay in my stummick, at all, at all."

A SHARP CHILD.—A veritable story of a youngster, who, while attending Sunday school for the first time, was asked:—"Who went into the lion's den?" The child appearing puzzled, the teacher commenced spelling, to awaken the child's memory—"D-a-n—" "I know" exclaimed he; "it was Dan Rice."

A CAPITAL DODGE.—Itinerant Vender (to Mary the housemaid):—"Wouldn't yer ladyship like a pretty cap or two? Yer might want to give one of the servants a little present."—[We are but human, and Mary makes an extensive purchase on the spot.

CANDOR.—Marivaux, a celebrated French writer, having one day met with a sturdy beggar, who asked charity of him, he replied, "My good friend, strong and stout as you are, it is a shame that you do not go to work." "Ah, master," said the beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am."

ODE TO THE DRAMA.

How very like thou art to life;
How oft thy scenes do show
The pain, the misery, the strife
Of creatures here below.

How oft men's vice thou dost reveal,
Their villainous deceit;
With what low artifice they deal,
In what base ways they treat.

But, too, thou showest that the hearts
Of some are good and just;
Thou drawest out man's better parts,
Prov'st some worthy of trust.

Oft thou dost make me shed a tear,
And give to me thoughts sad;
Oft, too, thou dost my spirit cheer,
Dost make my tired soul glad.

DRIVING IT HOME.—Naturalists point out to us that the salmon is formed as a wedge, so that it may receive the least possible amount of resistance in ascending rivers. One is almost tempted to turn vegetarian at the prospect of having such a *wedge-at-table* before us.

LAZINESS.—Various instances have been cited to prove how lazy a man might be and live; but it remains for a Michigander to cap the climax. One hot day, during the late heated term, Mr. Jones, of Jackson County, was observed to throw himself on the grass under the spreading branches of a large tree, and to exclaim emphatically to himself, "There, breathe if you want to—I shan't."

A DISTINCTION.—A person tried for high treason, as the jury were about to leave the bar, requested them to consider a statute which he thought made very much for him. "Sirrah," cried out one of the judges, "I know that statute better than you do." The prisoner coolly replied, "I make no doubt, sir, but that you do know it better than I do; I am only anxious that the jury should know it as well."

MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME.—"Patrick," said an employer the other morning to one of his workmen, "you came too late this morning; the other men were at work an hour before you." "Faix, and I'll be even with the spalpeens this night, sure," replied Pat. "How will you manage that?" "Be the grey sky uv Moses, I'll quit an hour before any uv 'em, sure."

ABOUT A WASHERWOMAN.

A washerwoman once there lived
Who, spite of all her foes,
Would oftentimes commence the day
By washing at the clo'es.

In spirit raps she placed her trust,
Yet ne'er a rap had got,
The name of spirits turned her cold,
Unless she took them hot.

Whene'er she failed to raise her rent,
A tearful eye she'd raise
Her handkerchief all rent, and cry,
"Let's soap for better days."

She never went to church to pray,
Nor staid at home to praise,
And though she mended socks and shirts,
She did not mend her ways.

So death at last twined round her heart
His band of wondrous strength,
And after lying all her life,
She now lies all her length.

A MISFORTUNE.—"Cuff, can you tell me the difference between an accident and misfortune?" "I gives it up, Pomp; can you?" "Yes; if an infernal revenue assiler should fall into the river, that would be an accident; if somebody should pull him out, that would be a misfortune."

A SINGLE SHOOTER.—"Tom Jones, why don't you fire at those ducks; don't you see you have got the flock before your gun?" "I know I have," said Tom, taking off his specs, "but when I get good aim at one, two or three others will swim right up between him and me."

INQUISITIVE CHILD.—"Wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories," said a youngest *it*, "about hiding the schoolmaster's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the school mistress when she was going to whip him, then shut me all day in the dark room because I tried just once to be as smart as he was?"

BASE BALL.

MUTUAL vs. IRVINGTON.

The first visit to Irvington, N. J., this season by a metropolitan club was made on the 24th inst. The Mutuals, of New York, who have on each succeeding season defeated the noted Jersey club, were the excursionists, and a four horse stage was the vehicular arrangement which conveyed a good sized party Irvingtonward. What rendered the trip of more than usual interest was the fact that two of the Irvington nine of 1867 (Stockman and Wolters) are members of the Mutual Club, and were going to take part in the game. The day was damp and unfit for ball playing, and rain fell at intervals during the game. The ground was wet and heavy, and any effort at good fielding was worse than useless. Still, an interesting, although rather long game, resulted from the meeting. The Mutuals batted heavily and fielded sharply. The Irvingtons, on the contrary, did neither one nor the other. Wolters, their old pitcher, proved a hard nut for them to crack, no less than eleven hands being lost on strikes. After three hours' play the score stood 41 to 14 in favor of the Mutuals. Having to attend the Eckford and Tri-Mountain game the same day we cannot speak more particularly of the contest, and refer to the score for further particulars:—

MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	IRVINGTON.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
McMahon, r f	1	7	1	0	Lewis, 1 f	3	2	1	2
Dwyer, s s	2	9	2	0	H. Campbell, r f	2	2	2	1
Finnly, 2d b	2	2	0	0	Mills, s s	2	1	0	6
Bearman, 1st b	3	5	1	2	Lines, c f	3	2	0	0
Wolters, p	3	5	2	0	M. O'Neil, 1st b	2	3	0	0
Jewett, c	3	4	2	5	Buckley, c	3	1	0	4
Stockman, 3d b	3	3	0	0	G. Eaton, 3d b	2	2	2	1
Swandel, c f	3	7	0	1	Beanes, 2d b	3	0	0	2
Shreves, l f	3	3	2	0	Bailey, p	4	1	0	1
Totals	27	41	10	8	Totals	27	14	5	17

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	4	1	8	16	2	3	2	0	5—41
Irvington	1	4	1	3	1	0	3	1	0—14

Struck Out—Irvington—Lewis, 1; H. Campbell, 1; Buckley, 2; Eaton, 1; Beanes, 4; Bailey, 3; total, 11. Foul bound catches—Buckley, 3; Jewett, 3. Catches on strikes—Jewett, 9. Outs on foul balls—Mutual, 9 times; Irvington, 8 times. Umpire—Mr. J. Monk, of the Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn. Scorers—Messrs. Dongan and Bergiels. Time of game—Three hours.

ECKFORD vs. YALE.

The Yale College nine, which arrived in this city on the 11th inst, to play a series of matches with our crack clubs, completed its labors on the 21st inst. On the 20th they were to have played their return match with the Star Club, but rain prevented. The Union ground was unfit for a proper display of ball play on the 21st, owing to the heavy rain of the previous day; but nevertheless the Eckfords and Yales had an interesting game, which was close and exciting for the first seven innings. Martin's peculiar medium-paced "twisters" puzzled the collegians, and they were whitewashed in five innings. The pitching of Hooker was also very effective, and it was not till the latter part of the game that he was punished to any extent. Both nines fell off in fielding towards the close—the collegians more so than their opponents, wild throwing being indulged in by the Yalesians, which detracted from the brilliancy of their previous efforts. Substitutes appeared in the Yale nine in place of Selden and Condit, and the Eckfords were short Malone, Laing and Wood. The veteran John Grum took part in the game, and astonished his friends by his style of play. G. Grum and Courtney also did well. Patterson, at second, was about the only weak spot in the nine. When a ball was thrown to him by the catcher to cut off a player running from first he was sure to let the ball go by him unless it came right into his hands. Lewis made a pretty catch in right field, and Hodges another behind the bat. Nelson captured five flies at short field, and Hodges disposed of six on strikes and five on fouls. The score is appended:—

YALE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Fowler, 2d b	0	4	1	0	Allison, 1st b	3	2	1	1
Lewis, r f	1	3	1	1	Patterson, 2d b	3	3	0	0
Edwards, 2d b	2	5	0	1	Grum, J., c	3	0	0	1
Baldwin, r f	3	5	1	0	Courtney, l f	3	2	1	1
Mitchell, l f	4	3	0	0	Hodges, c	3	3	0	2
Aspden, 1st b	3	0	0	0	Martin, p	2	1	2	1
Joralemon, s s	3	5	1	1	McClintock, c f	3	1	0	1
Deming, c	2	2	1	3	Nelson, s s	2	3	0	5
Terry, l f	4	0	0	1	G. Grum, 3d b	4	1	0	1
Totals	27	11	6	7	Totals	27	19	4	13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Yale	2	0	0	0	2	0	3	4	0—11
Eckford	0	2	3	2	3	3	2	5	4—19

Struck out—Lewis, 1; Cleveland, 1; Hooker, 2; Terry, 1. Home runs—Lewis, 1. Out on fouls—Yale, 7; Eckford, 8. Umpire—Mr. Rogers, of the Star Club. Scorers—Messrs. Wood and Watson. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

ATHLETIC, OF BROOKLYN, vs. IVANHOE, OF SING SING.

The Brooklyn Athletics went to Sing Sing on Monday, July 20th, and played a match with the Ivanhoes of that place, the game resulting in a victory for the Athletics by a score of 34 to 8. The Athletics presented a full nine, with the exception of Woods, their catcher, which position was ably filled by Sam Oliver, and played a very fine game, the playing of T. Madden and Barrett on the bases and Ireland at short being specially worthy of mention. Nothing can be said of the out fielders, as they had nothing whatever to do. At the close of the game, which lasted but two hours and ten minutes, the Brooklyn boys were handsome y entertained by the Ivanhoes, and left Sing Sing by the eight o'clock train very much pleased with their trip. The following is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	IVANHOE.	H.L.	R.
Minor, 1 f	1	5	Henry, 2d b	3	0
J. Madden, c f	2	5	Corrie, r f	3	1
Martin, r f	3	5	L. Maillard, s s	2	0
Barrett, 1st b	2	5	Kendall, c	3	1
T. Madden, 2d b	2	4	Vance, 3d b	3	0
Van Benschoten, 3d b	3	4	J. Maillard, 1st b	3	2
Oliver, c	3	5	McNeal, 1 f	3	2
Ireland, s s	2	5	Hall, p	2	0
Richardson, p	0	5	Clark, c f	4	0
Total	34		Total	8	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	8	8	3	1	1	7	6	0	0—34
Ivanhoe	1	0	2	0	2	2	0	0	0—8

Umpire—Mr. Glenning, of Star Club, of Pleasantville. Scorers—Messrs. Tilton and Archer. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

AMERICUS vs. ENDEAVOR.

The Americus, of Newark, paid a visit to New York on July 22d, and had a game with their old friends, the Endeavors, but as they came over without several of their best players they were defeated, as per score below:—

AMERICUS.	H.L.	R.	ENDEAVOR.	H.L.	R.
Joyce, c	1	6	Murphy, p	5	5
Farley, p	1	3	Hunnecott, 3d b	2	2
Edwards, 2d b	2	5	Reilly, 1st b	4	2
Baldwin, r f	3	5	Lambert, c	5	2
Mitchell, l f	4	3	Dougherty, r f	3	4
Aspden, 1st b	3	3	Openshaw, 2d b	3	2
Joralemon, c f	3	5	Fleet, l f	2	4
Adams, 3d b	1	5	Baker, s s	1	6
Total	35		Total	36	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Americus	12	3	1	4	4	7	1	3—35
Endeavor	3	6	6	4	0	6	12—34	

Fly catches—Americus, 12; Endeavor, 10. Umpires—Mr. McCarthy, of the Exercise Club. Scorers—Messrs. Leonard and Ross. Time of game—Three hours.

FOREST CITY vs. CAPITAL CITY.

These base ball clubs, the former of Rockford, Ill., the latter of Madison, Wis., played a match at Madison on July 16th. The Rockfords, who were on a tour, met with a warm reception in more senses than one, viz.: liberally and thermometrically, that weather gauge being at 100 deg., to which they responded with hearty good will, and by defeating their hosts by a score of 43 to 12, as will be seen by the annexed record:—

FOREST CITY.	H.L.	R.	CAPITAL CITY.	H.L.	R.
Addy, 2d b	1	7	Fisher, 2d b	5	0
Stiles, r f	5	4	Lewis, 3d b	5	0
King, c	5	2	Thorpe, c f	2	3
Barnes, s s	2	7	Howe, s s	2	2
Swasey, 3d b	4	3	Jno. Nichols, c	3	2
Sawyer, c f	5	3	Parsons, p	1	3
Barker, 1 f	1	6	Dexter, 2d b	2	2
Spalding, p	1	6	Bean, r f	3	0
Cone, 1s b	3	5	Jas. Nichols, 1 f	4	0
Total	45		Total	12	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Forest City	5	5	16	1	5	4	1	3	—43
Capital City	0	1	0	1	2	4	1	5	0—12

THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF KENTUCKY.

The game between the Valley Club, of Frankfort, and Eagles, of Louisville, for the junior championship of Kentucky, came off at the latter city on the 17th July. The Frankfort Club was accompanied by a large number of those interested in its welfare, who seemed very much afflicted at the first of the game by the way the Eagles were running away from "their club." They were equally as jubilant, however, towards the last, when the Valleys commenced gaining. Louisville was largely represented, of course. The weather was intensely warm, but the boys, fortified with a wet rag in their caps, went in with a vim. The following is the summary:—

EAGLE.	H.L.	R.	VALLEY.	H.L.	R.
Merrill, s s	5	5	Gray, c	7	1
Caldwell, 3d b	0	6	C. Starding, 1st b	2	6
J. Speed, c	5	4	Lindsey, 1 f	3	4
Booth, 2d b	1	2	Sneed, c	2	6
Bodley, p	2	5	Hatchett, s s	2	5
G. Truman, 1 f	5	4	Meriwether, r f	2	5
B. Speed, 1st b	5	2	Rodman, 2d b	3	3
Anderson, r f	5	2	L. Starling, 3d b	3	3
O. Truman, c f	1	7	Hughes, c f	3	3
Total	45		Total	36	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Valley	4	0	4	11	2	2	2	11	0—36
Eagle	3	2	8	9	7	4	0	7	5—45

EMPIRE vs. SOCIAL.

The old Empires gained a signal victory over their Social friends, on the 22d of July, in a game at Hoboken, as the appended score will show:—

SOCIAL.	H.L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H.L.	R.
J. Chase, 1 f	3	2	Duncan, 3d b	1	7
Deitz, s s	4	1	Nestler, 2d b	2	5
Ryerson, 3d b	3	2	Miller, 1st b	5	3
Layman, c	3	2	Wilson, c	0	5
Mott, 2d b	3	1	Williamson, c f	4	4
Alfred, r f	3	1	Frank, p	3	4
Lawler, 1st b	4	1	Hosford, s s	3	4
Byrnes, p	2	3	Foster, 1 f	3	5
C. Chase, c f	3	2	Doctor, r f	1	7
Total	15		Total	42	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Social	0	0	5	1	2	0	0	5	4—15
Empire	8	0	2	0	5	9	11	5	2—42

Flies caught—Social, 15; Empire, 12. Out on fouls—Social, 9; Empire, 6. Umpire—Mr. Eubeta, of the Active Club. Scorers—Messrs. Liddle and Ward. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

BASE BALL IN CANADA.

A match game between the first nines of the Maple Leaf and Star Base Ball Clubs was played in Hamilton, Canada West, July 17. The Maple Leaf won the game by 33 runs, the following being the score:—

MAPLE LEAF.	H.L.	R.	STAR.	H.L.	R.
Shuckworth, c	3	5	P. Dinahy, 1 f	2	5
Hamilton, p	4	6	Cleary, r f	3	4
Sharp, 3d b	4	8	J. Basquel, c	2	5
McCann, s s	1	13	J. Dinahy, 2d b	2	5
Atkinson, c f	2	8	Ross, 3d b	5	2
Cook, r f	2	9	McCarthy, 1st b	4	3
Sweetman, 1st b	2	9	Hopkins, c f	3	4
Carroll, 2d b	5	5	M. Basquel, s s	4	4
Trail, 1 f	4	7	Doyle, p	2	4
Total	67		Total	34	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Maple Leaf	11	13	9	5	5	3	3	8	6—67
Star	5	13	2	1	1	4	2	3	1—34

Umpire—Mr. McWhinnie, Young Canadian Club, Woodstock. Scorers—Maple Leaf, A. Esmond; Star, W. Towler.

RESOLUTE vs. "CAPT. JINKS."

A match game was played between these two clubs at Jersey City on the 21st of July, the Resolutes being the victors by the following score:—

RESOLUTE.	H.L.	R.	"CAPT. JINKS."	H.L.	R.
Myers, 1 f	1	8	McNulty, c	1	5
Allen, s s	4	4	Eckel, p	4	3
"Albert," 1st b	5	5	Walsh, s s	2	0
Milne, 2d b	3	6	McAvoy, 2d b	3	0
Lee, c	4	3	Dava, 3d b

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

John Hurst,
Tommy Sheridan,
J. Clinton Hall,
E. B. Montague,
H. E. Parmelee,
P. B. Bremmer,
Dave B. Prince,
Fred Buckingham (2),
Frank Wilson,
Frank Rivers,
Neil Gray,
Frank Lam,
Chas. F. Black,
E. T. Stetson,
F. H. Quick,
C. Frederekas,
Jimmie Semple,
H. A. Donaldson,
Frank Edwards,
Flem Adams,
Geo. A. Florance,
Frank Donaldson,
H. M. Wickes,
J. J. Showles,
J. Henedge Carter,
Ben Wheeler,
Dick Ralph,
Chas. White,
C. S. Wood,
W. H. Otis,
James Maguire,
Billy Rice (2),
Wm. Lake,
John Moulder,
W. H. Briggs,
Mrs. S. S. Arnold,
Hannah Birch,
Angeline Ravall,
Mrs. F. A. Tannyhill,
Freeman Sisters,
Mary Woodruff,
Mattie Wren,
Virginia De Berger,
Annie Leak,
Jennie Bailey,
La Belle Salado,
Julia Hill,
Maggie De Lemoine,
Ida Vincent,
Mollie Bernard.

J. H. Hilton,
John Templeton,
A. Dewey,
Josiah Bartlett,
Chas. De Verdi,
Billy Emerson,
C. J. Fyfe,
William Conrad,
Chas. Fowler,
Fred. Zimmerman (2)
David Bidwell (2),
Wm. Thompson,
J. F. Zimmerman,
O. H. Hess,
Chas. Noyes,
W. H. Taylor,
Harry Melville,
Sam Ryan,
Ben Cotton,
J. J. Rung,
M. W. Flake,
B. F. Dugan,
Edwin Adams,
H. Churchill,
I. N. Drew,
G. A. Hough.
A. D. Fitch,
James May,
Johnny Carroll.
J. H. Sherry (2).
Frank Parkhurst,
Oscar Templeton,
Mike Lipman,
Harry Watkins,
Hughey Morton.
Isadore Odlone,
Pet Celeste,
Kate Brooks,
Kate Raymond,
Kate Selden,
Caroline Richings,
Louisa Sylvester,
Ella Sands,
Mrs. T. W. Jones,
Anna Everett,
Lizzie Le Faver,
Dumont Sisters,
Leona Carender,
Nellie Edwards,

Johnny Williams (2),
E. M. Beeman,
W. A. Greston,
Harry Wallace,
M. Airec,
John Marck,
Walter Bray (2),
W. H. Taylor,
James Smyth,
Thos. E. Jackson,
John R. Kemble,
N. C. Forrester,
J. H. (2),
Hanlon Brothers,
Gonsalvo Bishop,
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Frank Newhall,
Harry L. Hull,
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Joseph Sharpe,
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John S. Potter,
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Louie Maxwell,
Laura Austin,
Kitty Fyfle,
Mary Florence,
Nellie Edwards,
Miss H. Dunning,
Lida Foote,
Nellie Whitney,
Julia Fitzpatrick,
Kate Partington,
Olive Logan,
Annie Waite,
Jennie Williams,
Mrs. M. E. Delamater

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, JULY 27, '68.

AS THE COMICAL CLOWN would say at a circus show in the country—"Here we are again; what can we do for you now?" There's not much fun, though, in sitting here trying to inven' something to make fun for *you*, especially when we hear that many of our contemporaries are *surfeiting* themselves in the *surf* at the sea side, or going their exercises at the dinner table, stuffing themselves like so many hogs, to speak plainly, and guzzling wine and stuff like fishes. But its no use of complaining—be the times dull or lively, *we* must "go on," as the policeman said to "our Jim" on Saturday night when he desired to have a little talk with a sweet little *nymph du pave*, as we say in the bouffe operatic tongue.....

Although, metaphorically speaking, the pruning knife has been at work, and branch after *branch* of our entertainments (always excepting the *Long* Branch) has been *cut off*, yet there is still enough in the city to keep us from *cutting off* with our small *trunk*. "Humpty Dumpty" has not yet had a *great* fall; and if he had, no "king's horses or men" would be needed to "set 'em up again," as they say in our bowling alleys, so long as G. Fox—who is declared to be the *ne plus ultra* (even in this *sultry* weather) of comical actors—is alive and kicking the *Pantaloon*, which, we *trow sir*, affords as much merriment to-day as it did twenty years ago, "when you and I were boys together," as the old song says, and which is a *habit* that *invests a pantomime* with much of its jolity; and since, as "Our Jim" says, "it is no *pant o'mine* that is thus saluted" by the gymnastic toe, we do not consider it a *breach*, and can consequently laugh in our *sleeve* at the discomfiture of the very quaint personage, whose wont it has been from time immemorial to "receive more kicks than coppers." At Wallack's the "Lottery of Life" has been running during the hot term, and a few of our residents have taken a *chance* to see it. The "Lottery of Life!" Ah, how sadly suggestive is this title of the many sudden deaths that have taken place around us of late. At the Broadway "A Flash of Lightning" has been the means, we fear, of *lightening* the managerial pocket-book, if it has not *lightened* the weary hours of the *habitues*. As we are in the *dog* days, we might appropriately term the theatre where (h) *Ot-hell-o* is neutralized somewhat by a *vol-au-vent*, the *Bow-wow-ery*. At Niblo's, "Blue Beard" has afforded some satisfaction to many an aspiring, we might more appropriately say *perspiring*, lover of Offenbach and the nastiness inseparable from his "works of art." Garden concerts meet with favor, and they have as good a *run* as the deleterious run of lager which is to be obtained thereat. Well, anything for a *draught* in hot weather. It is said that the attendance is *(a(r)ger* owing to this beverage being *get-at-able*, if one can only *get a table* to one's self. Unhappy is the *wight* who, having been browned by the sun in the city, yet has neither the time nor the means at his *disposal* to visit the festive watering places. *D'ye 'spose all* who are now ruralizing can afford to pay the piper? But *nous verrons* as Mr. Byron or some other comic writer would say.....We took in the *ballet* the other night. How warm the poor things looked. Wonder if their manager can give 'em ice cream an' cheese cake, or such cooling and invigorating rejuvenator after the labors of the night. Let us make poetry about

AFTER THE BALLET.

With a long sigh of relief, the poor *ballet* girl
Takes off her gew-gaws and wipes off the paint
From the fair features, now pale with the giddy whirl,
That's left her so weary, exhausted and faint.

Can it be possible! Is she the fairy queen
Who danced so divinely just now on the stage?
Yes, 'tis no other; such beauty is rarely seen—
She's every royal attribute minus the wage.

"Beautiful!"—aye, indeed, artists would judge her so—
Lovely in form and with features most rare;
Her's is a beauty that women would grudge her, so
Few could show fo'er them such glorious hair.

Though Cupid's bow was not fashioned more beautiful
Than the small mouth with its bright row of pearl,
Which, you could swear, must glitter cruel
Haunts the red lips of that fair *ballet* girl.

Think you those eyes, that so brightly were glancing on
Hundreds who each claimed a look for his own,
After the *ballet*, where she has kept dancing on,
Smile half so joyously when she's alone!

See, yon poor woman, so careworn and sorrowful,
Waits with solicitude near the stage door;
To-day she has toiled and alas! she's a morrowful
Time that in Fairyland's allotted the poor.

Yet, with a mother's love, touching and heaven born,
After the *ballet* she waits for her child—
The eldest, and, possibly, the dearest of seven born,
Whose mind, 'spite her calling, naught hath defiled.

Ah! thou proud exquisite, boastful and libertine,
Think not, because she may nightly be seen
Dancing in fairy guise, that she would e'er be thine;
She's no bit-er mischief her pure than a queen.

Taught from her infancy thus to display her skill,
Pain, and not she, hath selected the *role*;
And, though she seems to be simply a player, still
Her heart is untarnished and spotless her soul.

.....The other day, while sitting in a nice, warm, uncomforta ble arm chair in our *sanctum*, conjuring our brains for a joke, with that good-humored placidity for which we are so famous, as we leant back and closed our eyes to quicken thought, while the distant hum of Broadway and the unceasing song of one-horse presses above us almost lulled us to somnolence, we received a letter reading thus:—

"*Dear Sir.*—You are respectfully invited to attend a grand convention of the Disciples of Thespis, called for the purpose of nominating some leader of their art to assume the post of honor during the coming season. Without being vulgar, allow us to suggest that legs are played out, that local drama is a fraud, and that the meeting will take place this morning at 11 o'clock, in the ruins of Barnum's Museum. Dated, July 24th, 1868. Yours, respectfully,

ORPHEUS NORTHUMBERLAND, Chairman. ROMEO PLANTAGENET, Secretary."

On receipt of this missive we donned a dusty-looking duster, and securing our implements of trade we hastily proceeded up to the appointed spot and having shown our credentials were admitted without delay. When once inside the curious old ruins a right met our view that is not often offered to the bewildering gaze of living human beings. Seated on an inverted cage was the majestic Romeo Plantagenet, talking to the worthy chairman, who was carlessly playing with the thigh bone of a gorilla, which had been found among the ruins and answered as a hammer to keep the honorable gentlemen in order. At one side an enterprising contemporary had extemporized a bar and free lunch counter, and it was worthy of remark that while the lunch counter was crowded, nay jammed from pit to dome, not a solitary individual was near the bar, which showed that the *profession* is composed of good eaters and gives the lie to the base insinuation that actors drink. We had just time to make these remarks, when rap, rap, rap came the thigh bone on the soap box that answered for a desk and the meeting was called to order by a speech from the president as follows:—

President—Gentlemen delegates—(a *female voice*; "and ladies, too—*I'm a delegate*" *Another voice*—"You're too delicate." *Laughter*). It is *meet* that we should *meet* in order to determine in what branch we will earn our *meat*. I have my opinion, gentlemen and ladies, and whatever way you *determine*, you will find *deter mine* from expression.

A Voice—That's *unparliamentary*. I wan't to know if ah this *parley ment ary thing?*

President—'Tis my *express* wish that the gent who *expressed* that *expression* should *expressly* understand that he will be *pressed* out, not to say *expressed* in *express* time if he don't *repress* language which is apt to leave an unpleasant *impress* on the minds of all, particularly on that of the *press*. (*Here we bowed and bit our pens.*) But to proceed—I will not here state my views (*series of "Hear! hear!"*), but leave the question open to the honorable delegates. It may now to our great pleasure be discussed.

DISCUSSION.

Old Man—Mr. President—Aweary legs the veteran of the stage. For twenty-five years, ever since I've been a *stripling*, I've been an *old man*, and now Othello's occupation's gone, 'cause no more old men are wanted; and 'tis hard for me to say a word to that; amend my way I can't, for I have been worked so into the *cast* of my parts, that I can't play any others. I won't play anything but virtuous old men, and my opinion is, that, next season, we shan't have nought but old comedies played by old men.

The Shade of Barnum, in the person of Mr. Fuel, cries.

Mr. Fuel—Mr. President—I propose that the only legitimate amusement is that of "a museum stocked with nine million curiosities, at a cost of one hundred thousand"—(*Cries of "sit down," in the midst of which the shade disappeared.*)

Tragedy.—Mr. Per*s*i-dent—I am not splenctive or rash, but d——d (*ah! oh!*) he he who first cries hold, enough, to those usurpers of the glorious prerogative belonging to us, US! (*Cheers.*) *I* have been offered hundreds—hundreds, say I? nay, thousands, to show my legs in the light fantastic manner. But did *I* accept them? No! Sooner would I feel my life-blood ebbing fast than abate one iota from that divine saying of Bill's, that "All the world's a stage," and not until you can show me in that celestial bard's works authority for the stage being made a *ballet* exhibition will I renounce the legitimate mate; if you *can*, gentlemen, then I will "place my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at." I will. I have sworn it, and Brutus is an honorable man. *Verbum sap.*

(*Aside*—"*Some one give me a chew.*")

Soubrette.—I suppose I've got a say here (cries of "*Yes, but no vote*"), and I'll *say* it. Since legs have taken pre-eminence, my parts have been *made of all work* when I am merely *chamber-maid*. I have been obliged, gentlemen, by the managers to show the public my—(cries of "*Shame*" and "*Go on*") versatility by playing not only singing but dancing chamber-maids, and I won't do so any longer; therefore I insist that next season we have nothing on the stage without a principal character for soubrettes.

Comedy.—Mr. President—There's no occasion for such talk, 'pon my soul, not a bit of it. Now you know you're a devilish good fellow, and so am I, and the other gentlemen may feel damnably flattered by our taking any notice of them; but the fact is, we're so deuced good natured we can't help it. Fact, 'pon honor. What the devil was I going to say? Oh yes! I've such a damned poor memory. The only thing that will revivify the stage is light comedy! It is, 'pon my soul. Put light comedy on the boards, and me in the principal parts, and the stage is at the zenith of popularity and praise. It it ain't, damme.

Burlesque—If 'tis my place to speak thus *speak* I will—
Why have *this pique* against the poor legs still?
Why wish among the *things that were* all rights
Of those poor harmless *things that wear* the tights?
I will confess they often have helped me
To many a run, as you yourself may see;
So you'll not *make believe* you are at least,
I hope your thrade's *made believe* at best,
For you're blown out so at the poor, poor legs,
That almost kneeling, it for pity begs,
I think that in the *main* your own behoof
Is injured by your *gait*, for it gives proof
That envy makes you want to *lose* the *tights*,
And that out in the cold you've *left* their *rights*.
Don't think that I've grown *cold* if I talk *horse*,
To *bridle* your *fast* tongue a *bit's* no *loss*;
The way you give *rein* to your blowings up
Would make one think you've *foundered* by the cup;
To speak more horsey—there seems for sale
All kinds of *blowings*; is't a *mart-in-gale?*
Now, though it is in your profesh a rairty,
Again, let me beseech you, have some chairity.
(*Hisses.*)

Opera Bouffe.—Messieurs. *Je vous adore* (singing) voici le grand opera bouffe.

President (joining in).—Sit down, Frenchman; that's enough.

Here the delegate from *legs* rose to her *feet*, and was about to take a *hand* in the discussion, but was not allowed by the President, who said on a speech from *legs* he'd put a *feet-tor*. The President then announced that, after a collection for chowder had been taken up, the delegates present would proceed to vote on the question, "What branch of the histrionic art should rule supreme next season?" After taking up the collection—amounting to fifteen cents—(of which the press gave ten), and the tellers had collected the fragments of paper containing the votes in a shattered aquarium found on the premises, they counted them and the President said, "Which branch has the largest number of votes?" All was hushed; we held our breath to catch the name; the teller said, in stentorian tones, "The branch having the largest number of votes is"—"*Wake up!*"cried the mercenary voice of "our Jim," and there we found ourselves in our sanctum, and learned that there had been no convention, and that we'd only been dreaming.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS are helping to make Fourteenth street a lively thoroughfare, and the region about Tammany Hall promises to be a great promenade. A well selected programme is to be given by Bryant's troupe this week, including the great Eugene's operatic burlesque of "Il Trovatore." In burlesque operatic minstrel characters we doubt if Eugene has an equal on the stage in any country, and we are glad to notice that this artist is to give us a series of attractive burlesque operas the coming season. Among the other performers announced to take part in the entertainment this week are Dan Bryant, Unsworth Henry, etc. If you have not yet visited Bryants' new hall you should embrace the present opportunity.

ALF. BURNETT, who makes faces at you, is in his fifth week at Dodworth Hall, where he is giving a pleasing little entertainment of odds and ends, recitations, songs, stories, etc. He is assisted by Mr. Jesse Shepard, the male soprano. In Philadelphia, last season, Mr. Burnett achieved a great success with these delightful exhibitions.

Owing to something or other, the report that "A Flash of Lightning" would be withdrawn from the Broadway on July 25th, turns out to be a flash in the pan, the piece being continued one week longer.

"FOUL PLAY," which has been the means of creating some foul play between the authors—Dion Boucicault and Charles Reade—will be first produced in this city at the New York Theatre on Monday evening next, August 3d.

MANAGER J. C. MYERS arrived in this city the latter part of the past week. During the coming season he is to play Mr. Edwin Forrest in Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, etc., and afterwards take a dramatic company through the New England towns.

MR. AND MRS. COULDOCK arrived in this city from California on July 22d.

WILLIAM WHEATLEY takes his farewell of the stage on Monday evening, August 31st, at Nibl 's Garden. He will play Alfred Highflyer in "A Roland for an Oliver," and the evening's performance will conclude with the present French troupe.

CAROLINE BYRNE, comic vocalist, just arrived from Copenhagen, sailed for San Francisco on July 23d, under engagement to the Olympic of that city.

SAMUEL COLVILLE arrived from England on July 18th.

J. GRAU fell through a hole at the French Theatre on July 23d to the cellar and was seriously injured.

AN OPERA BOUFFE SEASON was commenced at Niblo's Garden on July 20th, under the direction of H. L. Bateman. The house was densely crowded by a fashionable audience, the majority of whom were of the *parlez vous* persuasion. "Barbe Bleue," an opera bouffe in four acts, by Offenbach, was the selection, and it was received with favor at the second representation. Everything went off more smoothly and harmoniously than on the first. The costumes and scenery deserve more than a passing allusion. The dresses were fairly regal in their richness, and were strikingly appropriate. A better drilled chorus and a more effective one is seldom heard and seen in this city. As an acting opera, "Barbe Bleue" possesses many salient points, and they were seized by the performers with spirit and thoroughly illustrated. Although it does not possess any catching airs, like the "Duchess" and "La Belle Helene," it may still become popular. The plot of this opera is as follows: Blue Beard is represented as a gay sport and cavalier, who has his castle in close proximity to the King Robeche, in Brittany, during the Crusades. When the scene opens Blue Beard has got rid of five wives, through his servant, who he thinks has poisoned them. King Bobeche is also rather loose in that respect, having made away with five courtiers. At the close of the piece we learn that the five wives and courtiers still live, and are mated to one another. In the first act, M. Dardignac as Saphir gives a recitation, followed by a duo with Mlle. Lambelo in the leading part, then come the peasants of the village, including the star of the evening, Mlle. Irma. The villagers select their rose queen, and Fleurette, Mlle. Irma is chosen. Fleurette, who has been living in the village as a peasant, is discovered to be the daughter of Bobeche sent adrift in a basket many years previous. As the rustics are hearing Fleurette off in a palanquin, Barbe Bleue appears with his soldiers. The second act represents the court of King Bobeche (Mons. Francis). The King is arranging for the marriage of his daughter, who is averse to it, and commences cracking down and smashing things in general. When the person chosen for her is shown she discovers that he is a poor peasant she had met in the village and whom she loved. He turns out to be Prince Saphir. He sits down to explain to the King, when the King beats a field salute, in which all join in; it is certainly a most amusing refrain. This is a lively scene for Boulette, who sets the whole court in great excitement over her freedom of manner with every one. This act ends with an *ensemble* by Bobeche, the Prince, Princess, the Count and Chorus. The third act represents the Alchemist's Cave, with the tombs of the five wives in the wall. The fourth and last act represents the six wives (Boulette included) at the court of King Robeche dressed in the disguise of gipsies. Barbe Bleue having announced the death of his sixth wife, (Boulette) he sues for the hand of the Princess, and in a duel with Prince Saphir, he (the Prince) is supposed to be dangerously wounded. The King then bestows upon Barbe Bleue his daughter, when the six wives unmask themselves to Barbe Bleue. Prince Saphir awakes, takes the hand of the Princess, Barbe Bleue goes back to his last wife, (Boulette) and the other five wives pair off with the five courtiers, supposed by the King to have been killed, and the curtain drops, the whole party singing a chorus to Barbe Bleue. During the action a *corps de ballet* of eight ladies appear in a ballet *divertissement*, which is very well done, and not too much of it, which of late has been the great fault in the ballets given in connection with the Opera House. Mlle. De Rosa executed a solo dance, Mlle. Irma, the new candidate for lyric honors, is slight, with well-rounded limbs. The merry glance of her eyes, the coquettish shrugs of her shoulders, and the quick tappings of her feet take with the audience. She is full of spirit, fire and enthusiasm, and there is an indescribable charm in her performance, a *piquancy* and *naivete*, that renders her one of the most pleasing lyric artists we have seen for many days, and her *debut* may be regarded as a triumph. She has a quick movement, and no want of confidence. She has a full reliance upon the good nature of her audience, and takes frequent liberties with them. The character she assumes, Boulette, is a sort of French Topsey. Her voice is a soprano, but not of great power. The appearance of Mons. Aujac, the new tenor, was the signal for rapturous applause, a deserved compliment. He sang and acted in a manner worthy of the occasion, receiving therefor a full *quantum* of applause, the audience regarding his scenic display as infinitely superior to the cold and unimpassioned style of that clever but cautious tenor, Brignoli. He is gifted with the power of expression, passion and feeling in a high degree. He has a fine voice, too, and sings with great expression. The balance of the cast gave satisfaction.

CARRIE AND CHARLES AUSTIN commenced an engagement at the Olympic Theatre on July 20th, appearing in act first, scene seventh, in the market place, in a musket drill. They were dressed in tights similar to gymnasts, and went through a very difficult and exciting performance with the musket. Their tricks are performed with astonishing rapidity and elicit the heartiest applause. They were *encored* each evening. "Humpty Dumpty," which is the attraction at the Olympic, promises to run through the hot spell.

M. L. FINCH, business manager for the Worrel Sisters' Theatre, takes a benefit on Wednesday evening, July 29th, on which occasion a host of volunteer talent will appear. Among the principal features will be M. W. Leffingwell in his eccentric impersonation of Romeo Jaffier Jenkins; Irene and Jennie Worrell in the farce of "Crossing the Line," in which they will do a double clog dance; the first and only appearance in this city this season of A. H. Davenport as Captain Popham, in the "Eton Boy," to the Fanny of Lillie Eldridge; the Rosalig Sisters, from New Orleans, will execute a dance; the Trelane Sisters will vocalize, and J. K. Emmett will singa Dutch song in a white face.

MR. AND MRS. L. M. RAYLESS (Mrs. Gladstane) are at present in this city preparing for a fall starring tour.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS closed at Tony Pastor's Opera House, on July 25th, and are at present traveling west.

KELLY AND HOLLEY, clog and song and dance men, sailed for San Francisco, July 24th. Joe Murphy sails on August 1st, all for the Olympic. Walter B. Rogers, business agent of the Olympic, also returns on the steamer of the 1st of August.

Dramatic.

THE RICHINGS' ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE commence their third season early in September. This company has been organized in its present successful state in two months. In Europe, Harrison has failed to make English opera pay, and he is announced to take a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on July 27th, the committee of arrangements announcing that, in his endeavors to establish English Opera in England, he has completely impoverished himself. We are told by one who ought to know that the Richings' Troupe cleared, in two seasons, over $35,000. For the coming season they have not only filled their time up to the middle of April, but play on better terms than heretofore. Their *repertoire* embraces the following operas:—"Norma," "Bohemian Girl," "La Sonnambula," "Maritana," "Martha," "Il Trovatore," "Fra Diavolo," "Faust," "Cinderella," "Linda," "Elixir of Love," "Daughter of the Regiment," "Doctor of Alcantara," "Rose of Castile," "Lily of Killarney" and "Crown Diamonds," and they have added, for this season, "Crispino e la Comare," "Il Trovatore," "The Czar and Zimmerman," "The Barber of Seville," "Un Ballo Maschera" and "Il Traviata," making a fine collection of operas. They go west as far as St. Louis, Mo. The company will be the same as the principal features.

E. L. DAVENPORT took his first benefit in San Francisco, Cal., at the Metropolitan Theatre on July 3d, on which occasion Mrs. Davenport made her first appearance. "Love Chase" and "Scalp Hunters" were produced, with Mrs. Davenport as Constance. At the termination of Mr. Davenport's engagement Mr. Maguire assumes control of this theatre.

SIG. FORTUNA, a baritone of note, recently died in Lima, South America, while traveling with Bianchi's Opera Troupe.

LUCILLE WESTERN's engagement in San Francisco, Cal., up to July 4th had proved rather an unsuccessful one. On June 20th she gave her performance of Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist," which is pronounced one of the most thrilling pieces of sensational acting presented on the California stage. Harry Jackson's Fagin is also highly spoken of. "Leah" was given on June 22d, followed on the 24th by "Lucille." The "Child Stealer" was presented on June 27th, but failed to attract any better audience than the other pieces.

MME. SCHILLER continues her engagement at Salt Lake Theatre, and has, says a correspondent, under date of July 12, during the past three weeks appeared as Laura, in "Under the Gaslight;" Lucille, in "Lucille, the Story of a Heart;" "Matilde," "Annie Lee" and "Cinderella." The scenery has been expressly painted for the piece by J. Guido Methua. Mme. Scheller will go to Montana for two months and commence another engagement here early in October. Meanwhile Miss Annette Ince will play an engagement.

MANAGER JNO. LANGRISHE recently produced "Under the Gaslight," for three nights, at Helena, Montana.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH had a benefit at Piper's Opera House, Virginia City, on July 1st, and the receipts are set down as having reached over $2,000. McCullough was to read the Declaration of Independence in San Francisco on July 4th.

C. W. COULDOCK'S benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., on June 24, is said to have been a highly successful one. The house was densely crowded in every part.

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HARRY BATES AND VINNEN have withdrawn from the management of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, and Mr. Edwards is at present going it alone. Maguire, having purchased the interest of Vinnen, will take possession early in August, and run this in connection with the Opera House. Maguire has been trying for some time to get Owens for a month, on a certainty of $10,000, and the only drawback is, Solon will not offer his apple sass for sale at *matinee* performances.

LEO HUDSON, having concluded an extended western tour, is at present in Baltimore, Md., where managers who may wish to secure her for the fall season can address her. Her card will be found elsewhere.

MISS JENNIE HIGHT will start out on her fall and winter tour on the 5th of September, and by an advertisement in another column it will be seen that talents wanted by her father, H. A. Hight.

ODE FOR THE BALLET.—A. J. Rose advertises in another column for a *ballet* master and ten *ballet* girls. Other talent is also wanted.

AN AMATEUR LADY, Miss C. Waldron, has a card in our advertising columns soliciting an engagement for utility business.

THE ALHAMBRA, San Francisco, is receiving a good run of business. The "Grand Duchess" was withdrawn on June 23d, and the Martinetti Troupe, with a *corps de ballet*, put in an appearance. Charles Wheatleigh was to commence a season there on July 6th, with a dramatic company, in conjunction with the Martinetti Troupe. Sallie Hinckley, Alicia Manteville, Mrs. Saunders, John, Emma and Celia Howson and S. W. Leach had been engaged. "La Belle Helene" is in rehearsal.

MRS. HAULENBECK, wife of our Washington dramatic correspondent, gave birth to a fine, bouncing babe on July 21, and is doing nicely. The little stranger is a girl, and possesses an uncommon strong pair of lungs. As they say of Christmas, we wish the happy parents many returns of the day.

THE OPERA HOUSE at St. Paul, Minnesota, is closed, and Mr. Plunkett, with a portion of his company, has gone seventy-five miles up the Mississippi to St. Cloud, there to remain a week and then wend his way southward. Mr. Plunkett has been unfortunate in St. Paul, but he leaves this city bearing with him the good wishes and friendship of the St. Paulers. Our correspondent says:—"The failure of this dramatic company in a city famed for its *unequaled* liberality in patronising all shows and concerts has elicited a variety of comments, none of which have completely covered the ground. That the company needed *seeding*, is undeniable, but there are three other facts fully as prominent:—1st, the rent is too high for any manager to stagger under; 2d, the seats are too crowded, the space for the knees being just twelve inches; and 3d, the house has no more ventilation than the inside of a feather bed. It is hoped that capitalists will some day learn enough to not attempt to build hotels or theatres without securing the services of some one who knows the requisites of such buildings."

MANAGER WILLARD, of Boston, advertises in the CLIPPER for rich wardrobe.

LOUISA SYLVESTER informs us that she is not engaged at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., for the fall season, as has been reported.

JOHN LEWIS BAKER commences his season at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Aug. 17th.

ROWE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY continue in Warsaw, Ind. where they have been the past two weeks.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" is to be produced at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, Ill., on Aug. 30th, by Tony Denier, under the management of O. H. Ross

G. W. STEVENSON'S COMPANY closed in Ionia, Mich., on July 18th, and opened in Tarnac on the 20th.

THE CHICAGO STAR COMBINATION, consisting of ANNA MORRIS, Amelia Waugh, Jos. E. Nagle, Wallace Britton, Ferd. Hight, S. W. Ashley, Chas. H. Wilson, J. E. Browne, A. A. Mallen, T. De Grey, and Josie Crocker, opened in Indianapolis, Ind., July 20th, in "Othello," followed on the 21st by "Lucretia Borgia."

WILSON AND CLARKE'S COMPANY closed in Skowhegan, Me., on July 23d, and opened in Calais on the 25th.

AMUSEMENTS IN CHICAGO have been rather meagre since our last. Under date of July 22d, our correspondent "Lolterer" gives the following resume of affairs in that city:—"At McVicker's the 'Lottery of Life,' although drawing a good many blank seats, is doing quite as well as did the 'Crook.' The play is now running smoothly and each person seems to be fully up to his or her respective part. Owen Marlowe plays the cool and nonchalant Tegry with a trifle less dash and foppishness than the character seems to require. I think Sam Myers would have made a hit in the *role*. A burlesque *pas de deux* by Ed. Marble and Fred. Woodhull, introduced in the concert saloon scene, is received with peals of laughter each night. They take off the principal dances of the 'Black Crook.'.....Delehanty and Hengler, Billy Arlington and Sam Price, are drawing the best houses in the city, and the Museum rather gains on its wonted popularity. Delehanty and Hengler do 'Nell, the Belle' and 'Southern Flirtations' this week and each act receives two *encores*. Arlington is 'Putting in Glass' and the performance closes with a new local sketch entitled 'Dinner at the Briggs Hotel.' The Briggs and the Great Western Band, as well as a prominent livery man, were fearfully sold by some wag last week, who reported Bonner at the wharf on a Buffalo steamer, engaged rooms at the Briggs, sent carriages and the band down to escort him to the hotel, etc. All hands were hoaxed and the minstrels couldn't let such a fun provoking theme escape their attention.....At the Opera House, 'Undine' opened this evening to a good house, and beyond a short wait between first and second acts, has worked very smoothly, considering the short time they have had for getting it ready. The dramatic cast is as follows:—Undine, Mrs. Oates; Idex, Katie Putnam; Sir Rupert, Mr. C. A. McManus; Baptiste, J. B. Everham; Baron, Jas. A. Oates; Khuleborn, John M. Burke; Lady Una, Georgie Telbin; Bridget, Mary McWilliams. Mrs. Oates, as Undine, has won new laurels, for beside doing the songs in an elegant manner she looks the character much better than did Emily Thorne, who was a little too heavy for a fairy. Mr. McManus, who returned from Philadelphia especially to take the role of Sir Rupert, and the part most decidedly, as he is a little the super of the *role*, something which McKee Rankin could not do. The dances are the same as in.....but will be changed soon. The Floral *ballet* will doubtless be left out entirely immediately, as it has proved the great success of any ballet in the house. Mlle. Bonfanti having been spurred to her utmost endeavors by the advent of so many *premieres*, is now fairly astonishing the natives, showing that she can dance when she tries. The weather is growing somewhat cooler and 'Undine' will do well for some time. Burke, as Khuleborn, does greater leaps even than he did in the 'Crook,' and his comic dancing is nightly *encored*. Van Hamme and Belle have introduced a new can-can, which is much livelier than that done by poor Lupo and Venturoli, and the Hungarian Polka of Mlle. Sohlke nearly escapes an *encore*. The ballet is now done by Wesmael since the withdrawal of Mlle. Lupo. Tom Burt's calcium lights add not a little to the effect of the spectacle.....Geo. Riddell did not open Arlington Hall, believing the weather to be too warm to make success a certainty. The company returned to Milwaukee."

OLIVER B. DOUD, late leading man of the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, was tendered a farewell benefit, Friday evening, July 17th, by the Mobile Amateurs, of which he has been stage manager. The programme for the occasion consisted of "A morning Call," "Sobea Shingle," and the "Forest Rose," in which Mr. Doud sustained the principal *roles* in a creditable manner, considering the wretched support he had in the amateurs who assisted him. Although they have been playing several seasons they did not seem to have any conception of their parts, nor any idea of the stage business. With the exception of Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Nellie Taylor, and Miss Blanche Bradshaw, (professionals) our correspondent says, "he had no support at all. Mr. Doud is a young man endowed with all the qualities of becoming an ornament to the profession he so ably represents as he becomes a little more mature in age. He has made more good, substantial friends in this city, by his modest and unassuming manner, than any actor who has ever visited it.....Mr. T. Reig, manager of the Theatre, left on the 18th for New York, to engage his company for the fall and winter season, which will commence in September. During his absence the Theatre will undergo a thorough renovation."

MISS SALLIE PARTINGTON is having a new sensation piece written for her by Augustin Daly. Managers wishing to negotiate for its first production are instructed to communicate with Charles T. Parsloe, in an advertisement elsewhere.

MANAGERS wishing to produce "Humpty Dumpty" should read MESSRS. Elisler & Denier's card in our advertising columns.

BAILEY & WILSON'S COMPANY opened in Fort Jervis, N. Y., on July 20th, and appeared during the week. On July 23d Bob Hart joined the company, on which occasion the play of "St. Hart joined the company, on which occasion the play of "St. Hart's Eve" was performed, with C. Webster, Thomas E. Jackson, H. D. Guion, Wm. C. Miller and Anna Levering in the cast. This was followed with a stump speech by Bob Hart. The company play in Ellenville this week.

ADA WEBB, the youngest of the well known Webb Sisters, has retired from the stage, and will be married early in September, in Brooklyn, to Mr. Skea, a young gentleman of the Pacific slope, who is possessed of considerable means, and who is said to have the healthy income of $5,000 a month from an estate in Virginia City. The Fair Ada intends accompanying her husband to the golden shores of California. Mr. Skea is interested in the water works of Virginia City.

THE NEW THEATER at Nashville, Tenn., is offered for rent from the 1st of September, by J. Kirkman. See card.

A TIN WEDDING.—There was quite a gathering of celebrities on the evening of Thursday, July 23d, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Long Branch, the occasion being the tenth anniversary of their marriage and the christening of the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Floyd, Henrietta Ehrenzellar Floyd, Mrs. Chanfrau being godmother. Among the guests were Capt. Stetson, of Boston; C. A. Stetson, Jr., of Long Branch; Dr. Rufus Blake, son of the late Wm Rufus Blake; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Adams, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McVicker, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Canning, Mr. and Mrs. Koppitz, Mr. and Mrs. George Rver, Ben De Bar, S. C. Campbell, Aug. S. Pennoyer, Morris Simmonds, R. E. J. Miles, John H. Meech, Thomas E. Morris, Mary Baker, Mr. Bates, of National Theatre, Cincinnati, and many others. There was plenty of good cheer in the way of eating, drinking, singing and dancing. Music was furnished by Koppitz' full brass band, and the singing was participated in by C. Campbell, Ben DeBar, Mrs. Chanfrau, Mrs. Henderson, Edwin Adams, Alec Stetson and Matt Canning, the latter giving a characteristic duologue with Mr. Floyd. There was considerable merriment over the different tin presentations to the happy couple. A good time was indulged in until 2 o'clock, when they retired, to return to this city by the early morning boat.

MRS. EMILIE AND W. A. BOSWELL, the former "first old woman," the latter eccentric comedian, advertise for an engagement in another column.

WALKING GENT is advertised for in another column by McKean Buchanan two managers.

MISS CATHARINE LUCETTE, the original performer of the character of Susan, in Tully's opera of "Witham and Susan," at Drury Lane Theatre, London, Eng., as well as other characters of a similar kind, may be engaged by responsible managers for a season commencing on September 1st. During the time anterior to that date the lady intends to enjoy her *dolce far niente*. See the lady's cards in our advertising columns.

ORIGINAL, SENSATIONAL and musical dramas, also burlesques, etc., are usually very attractive, and managers wishing to produce them should make a note of Morton Price's advertisement in this week's CLIPPER.

J. R. ROBERTS is performing at Library Hall, Reading, Pa., and wants additional talent. See advertisement.

MESSRS. DAVIS & CO., the Cincinnati dramatic agents, publish their bulletin in this week's CLIPPER, to which we call the attention of both managers and performers

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP AFFAIR.

A FINAL CALL UPON McCOOLE.

We are once more compelled to announce that—up to the present time—everything connected with the long-pending match between Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole for the championship, over which the public have so long been kept in hot water, remains in *statu quo*, and from appearances it would seem that there is little probability of a satisfactory settlement being arrived at, notwithstanding the avowed determination of both men to do their utmost to secure another meeting as soon as they should be released from their compulsory residence at Lawrenceberg. This state of affairs, justice compels us to say, is solely the fault of McCoole, to whose disregard of the calls we have repeatedly made upon him to either come to New York in person or appoint a representative to act for him, that the meeting which is not only desirable but necessary ere a proper understanding of the matter can be had and the stakeholder be enabled to act clearly in the matter, has been delayed thus long. Strange as it may appear, we have not heard one word direct from McCoole, and are now just as ignorant of his real intentions as we have ever been. Coburn has called frequently at this office to see if anything had been received from Mike and has expressed much regret that matters have been so long delayed, reiterating his earnest desire for an early meeting on the green sward. As affairs now stand they wear an aspect anything but favorable to the Western man and we hereby notify both parties that unless McCoole notifies us in some manner of what his purposes are before Thursday, August 6th, the stakeholder will deliver to each man the amount of his stakes.

BRIEF BATTLE BETWEEN TYROS.

A correspondent sends us the subjoined account of a milling match which is said to have taken place on the 21st ult., at a place called Down's Point, on the Hudson, between a brace of novices named Hugh Donahue, alias "Tinker," and Ed McGlenn, who fought for a purse of $75. The former, who is the heavier and taller of the pair, is nineteen years of age, and hails from Gotham, while McGlenn is one year his junior, a moulder by trade, and resides at Albany, not a thousand miles from which the battle ground was chosen. Tinker was waited upon by "Dick Devereaux" and Bob Murphy; while like service was performed for his antagonist by Steve Walsh and Patsy Cassidy, Eance Page officiating as referee and time-keeper.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both prompt to call, shook hands, and commenced feeling each other for an opening. Tinker imagined he discovered what he had been looking for, and essayed with his larboard hand a touch at the ribs, but missed, neatly put it to one side, and returned the intended compliment with a counter stinger on the breast. Tinker got more than square by landing twice on the mouth heavily, distilling first blood. A clinch followed, and Mac fell under.

2. Tinker, as before, let go with his left, which was put off, and received on the nose, drawing the claret, which he returned with a good one on the chiest. In the struggle Tinker was thrown.

3. Sparring for wind, McG. made a feint, and gave Tink a light tap on the cheek, which Tink tried to return, but was short. Both began in earnest, and some hard hitting followed for a while on both sides, when Tink got McG.'s head in chancery, and pummeled him severely before McG. could get away.

4. McG. led, getting home a good left-hander on the body, for which he got in return two hot 'uns on the mouth. Both in for close fighting again, Tink playing on the head and McG. on the body, the fighting being done in Tink's corner. A clinch, and McG. threw Tink heavily.

5. Tink seemed quite as fresh as in the first round, while McG. showed signs of weakness. Both sparring for wind, Tink led with his right on the mouth, receiving in return a light one on the ribs, for which he retaliated with two hot 'uns on the mouth, sending McG. to grass.

6. McG. went one, two, clever-ly on the ribs which Tink did not like, and showed his objection by planting a couple on the ear, whirling McG. round and round like a top. In the clinch Mac was worsted.

7. Tinker, meaning to make short work of it, let go with his right and left at McG.'s head, which Mac nicely dodged, and returned a pretty one on the ribs which staggered Tink, who made a rush, got McG.'s head in chancery, and punished him severely. Mac finally threw his man.

8. Tink came up nimbly at call of time, while McG. was rather tardy. After a long spar for wind, McG. on the defensive, Tink sent in an upper cut, causing Mac to hunt gravel.

9. Mac tried his left, and managed to plant a light one on the body, receiving a left-handed shot on the ear and another on the mouth in return, sending him down.

10. Tinker, all smiles, McG. looking distressed, let drive at the head, but McG. dropped, and in rising caught his man with the right on the ribs. Tinker landed twice on the mouth and ear, ag in knocking Mac down. At call of time for the next round Mac couldn't respond, and Cassidy threw up the sponge, when Tinker was declared the victor, after fighting thirty-eight minutes.

FARMER BRADLEY vs. J. HILL.

After a long lull in matters pugilistic a comparatively off-hand match at catch weight took place, for £5 a side, on Tuesday, July 7th, between the above pair, in the Birmingham, Eng., district. Bradley, who is 22 years of age, is 5ft. 7½in., and about 10st. in weight. J. Hill (Babb) is 21 years of age, stands 5ft. 7in., and was about half a stone the lighter. The meeting place was reached at seven, Babb & Co. not turning up till the last minute, when no further time was lost, stripping being proceeded with briskly, and at 7.45 A. M. the belligerents entered the ring, 5 to 4 being freely offered on Bradley.

Round 1. The appearance of the "Farmer" was all that could be desired, and he had evidently been well seen to, and was thoroughly bronzed, looking as "hard as nails." Babb also was in fair form, but looked fully half a stone the lesser man. Little of the "showing off" business was resorted to, punching being the order of the day, and after a mutual counter at long range, Bradley got his right home on the mark and floored his opponent, thus early "scoring."

2. The *finale* in the preceding bout [illegible] once taking the lead, and forcing the fighting, landed his right on Babb's left optic, flushing it. A couple of long shots followed, when they got to close quarters, and ding-dong exchanges in favor of Bradley followed, till they "passed" in a tight embrace, 3 to 1 being freely offered on the "Farmer."

3. Babb's left peeper showed the visitation of his opponent's "auctioneer." No sooner up than at it, closing at half-arm work, some lively blows being delivered on both sides, Babb receiving wisely on the mouth, and showing the carmine, first blood being at once accorded to Bradley by the referee, though not claimed; both down a "burster," Babb under.

4. Babb short in a thrust, when they got together, and half-arm work proceeded vigorously, both pasting away with a will, till they came to grief simultaneously.

5. Babb, somewhat revived from the effects of the opening bout, cleverly avoided the first essay of his opponent, improving his position by a straight "podge" on the Farmer's masticators, which made them rattle again. Closed at half-arm work, and in getting to grass, Babb placed a "thick 'un" on the ribs.

6. Babb winked unmistakably with his left peeper, which was fast contracting; he, however, sustained the battle on more even terms, and restored a ray of hope to his partisans. Dingdong work to a close, when they grassed together.

7. Babb got well home on the chest, when they again got to close quarters, and pegging away, came to grief, Bradley first time under in the fall.

8. Bradley's left cheek showed that his opponent had been "there." He got home on the rios, but the hardy "Farmer" took little notice, returning a fine body blow with more than compound interest, closed, and in the fall both down side by side.

9. Bradley got home twice on the mark, Babb responding, but lacking the punishing force of the Farmer, a capital round finishing in both "grassing."

10. Babb in this round had a shade the pull in the hitting, and his friends looked more hopeful, a fine shot on the nose of the "Farmer" making them gleeful. They closed, pasting till their bellows would stand it no longer, and they measured their lengths in a tight embrace.

11. Another rattling round, Babb doing his best, but producing little effect on his hard opponent, who opened the stream in Babb's mouth. Both down at the finish.

12 to 18 and last. Bradley now asserted his superiority, thrice getting home some pile-drivers, which made his opponent "stand back." Bradley forced the fighting, following his man all over the ring, till Babb got the hug on, Bradley contenting himself with using both hands unsparingly. Both down together. He repeated this process in each bout, pasting poor Babb unmercifully, and ornamenting his visage to a great extent, Babb meanwhile gradually weakening and assuming a "groggy" state till, at the completion of the 18th bout, seeing no earthly chance of turning the tide, he wisely gave in, after contending 42 minutes.

His left eye was nearly closed, the right reddened, and his ribs "told a tale." Bradley's left cheek was swollen, and both eyes slightly painted. That Babb was clearly overmatched from the commencement was patent, and the start was not calculated to inspire him with any grand idea of his probable victory; he did not recover from the effects till the sixth bout, when he began to show something like form, but even then was sadly wanting with his left, and somewhat disappointed his friends. Bradley, on the other hand, proved himself a very promising performer, and will, doubtless, make a good man, the natural hardihood of his constitution being much in his favor.

MATCHETT vs. DARDY.

These light-weight Brums met near Birmingham, Eng., on July 13th, to fight at catch weight for a purse. Both are practiced hands at their business and a very smart little affair was realized. J. Johnson (Matchett) has just attained his majority, stands 5ft. 4¾in., but was so completely out of form that he pulled down 10st 4lb, his fighting weight being 7st 12lb. He has "dusted" all comers hitherto, his engagements having been with "Puss" Moran, Yellow and Young Brettle, of Bilston, though for the last encounter, a very severe one of some two hours' duration, he was matched to "large circle of friends" for "pulling him through." J. Winfield (Dardy) is a year older than his opponent, an inch taller and in much better boxing form. His previous engagements consist of two victories over T. Glynn (Russian) and a defeat by that worthy, also a victory over "Cudge" Franklin, and lastly, a defeat by Young Fawcett. The present meeting being of such an off-hand character, it was determined to bring it off, if possible, in the suburbs; consequently at three o'clock they met in battle array, at a well known rendezvous on the eastern frontier and at once got to work, Matchett opening fire on the mouth, drawing first blood, also on the left eye, which he cut. They closed and came down side by side. The second bout was a lively affair, both repeatedly in the face, and fought rapidly to a close, when Dardy was under in the fall. On coming up for the "third time of asking" Matchett was "blowing great guns" from his want of condition, and had to act somewhat on the defensive, parrying Dardy's thrusts very successfully and dropping in a neat one on the mouth, which swelled up. They got together and after a few harmless exchanges both grassed in a tight embrace. The fourth bout was of a similar character, but in the succeeding one Dardy made a terrific round-arm shot on the left ear, cutting it and shedding a copious supply of the "elixir of life," from which visitation Machett was decidedly all abroad and shook his head ominously. The contact, however, caused Dardy's right weapon to puff up out of all shape and was divested of further punishing power. From the sixth to the ninth bout, "steady, boys, steady" was the motto, the pace relaxing considerably. In the latter round Dardy got well home on the mouth, but was finely countered on the left eye, re-opening the wound. The opening of the tenth bout showed Machett quite restored to a due appreciation of the task before him, and, having two good hands he proceeded to take ample revenge for Dardy's performances by pasting his man all over the dial, nearly closing his left eye, slitting his lower lip and otherwise ornamenting him, and by his excellent generalship avoiding punishment. In the sixteenth meeting he effected the *coup de grace* by a right-handed investment on the jaw, which floored Dardy, and, not responding to time, Machett was credited with another victory after a twenty-eight minutes' engagement.

PETER MORRIS ACCOMMODATED.—After haggling over matters for some time, Peter Morris, the British featherweight champion, has been matched with Harry Taylor (brother of the late Bowey Taylor) to fight at 11 pounds, for £5 a side, on September 8th.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—A deposit of £10 a side for the above pugilistic event, between Joe Goss and Harry Allen, was made on July 7th, and the next was due on the 24th, which would make £120 a side up. Allen was soon to go into training, and Goss was already at it.

A TWO MILE WALKING MATCH between G. Bagley and E. Eatford at Brompton, Eng., was won by the former through the latter breaking into a trot.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

Handicap for $500.

At the Mystic Park, Boston, on July 20th, a match for $500, was trotted between the brown mare Fanchon and the bay gelding Boston Rattler, the mare being harnessed to a wagon and the gelding to a sulky. Fanchon won the toss and with it the inside position. During the first heat Fanchon remained at the front until after she had passed the three quarter pole and then Rattler was urged toward her at his fastest gait. He crept upon her gradually and as they approached the stand trotted her off her feet, and she came under the wire on a run with her nose at the front in 2:38¾, a dead heat being the decision rendered. In the second heat Rattler gave Fanchon a stern chase at a distance of a length and a half, until the upper turn had been reached, when she trotted at a slower gait and in coming down toward the stand allowed the gelding to beat her out in 2:42. The third heat resembled the first in nearly every particular. Rattler remained at the rear during the greater part of the heat and pressing Fanchon on the homeward brush. After the horses had passed the distance stand Fanchon was looked upon as the winner of the heat, but she was being sent along too lively, and when mid-way between the distance and judges' stand she was trotted off her feet and Rattler beat her out by a nose in 2:42¾. Fanchon trotted away from Rattler on the first quarter of the fourth heat and opened a gap of nearly three lengths, but on the straight quarter of the back side the gelding outfooted her and decreased her advantage to half a length. A break then cost him fully as much as he had gained and all efforts to again close with Fanchon proved unsuccessful, and she won the heat by a length in 2:42¾. In each of the following two heats Fanchon took the lead at the start, and, although Rattler used every exertion to close with her, the mare did not relinquish her honorable post and she won the heats, with the race, in 2:43½ and 2:43. The following is a summary:—

MYSTIC PARK, Monday, July 20th.—Purse, $500; mile heats, best three in five.

Mr. Bickler named br m Fanchon, to wagon	2	2	1	1	1
A. C. Manning named b g Boston Rattler, in harness	1	1	2	2	2

Time, 2:38½; 2:42; 2:42¾; 2:42¾; 2:43½; 2:43.

Trotting at Mystic Park, Boston.

A moderately large assemblage found amusement at Mystic Park, in witnessing two interesting races. The first of these was a match of $500 between a couple of Lowell horses, viz.: A. Woodard's brown mare Straight Edge and G. E. Mitchell's bay mare Bella C., the former being harnessed to a sulky, while the latter pulled a wagon. The following is a summary:—

MYSTIC PARK, Friday, July 24 Match $500; mile heats, best 5 in 5.

G. E. Mitchell named b m Bella Clay	2	1	1	1	1	
A. Woodard named br m Straight Edge, in harness	1	2	2	2	2	

Time, 2:42½; 2:40½; 2:42; 2:40¼.

Between heats in the above race a handicap trot for a sweepstakes of $150 occurred between the bay mare Mystic Maid, (in harness) the bay gelding Boston Rattler, (to wagon) and the chestnut gelding Lady Flagner, (in harness.) The following is a summary:—

MYSTIC PARK, Friday, July 24.—Sweepstakes $150; mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Stephen Hayes named b m Mystic Maid, in harness	1	1	1	
A. C. Manning named b g Boston Rattler to wagon	2	2	2	
H. Brock named ch m Lady Flagner, in harness	dist.			

Time, 2:38; 2:37½; 2:38½.

Trotting at the Fashion Course, L. I.

Two trots came off on this course on July 22d, which were not of sufficient importance to attract a vast multitude. The first was between the black geldings Captain Gill and Commodore Vanderbilt, for $1,000, the former in harness the latter to wagon, which Captain Gill won. Two mares, Nancy Fat and Louise, then competed for $500, in harness, which the fat lass won. We append the usual tabular statements:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., July 22.—Match $1,000; mile heats, best three in five.

H. Woden's g g Captain Gill, in harness	1	1	1
D. Mace's b g Com. Vanderbilt, to wagon	2	2	2

Time, 2:34½; 2:33½; 2:32½.

SAME DAY.—Match $500; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

C. Simmons' br m Nancy Fat	2	2	1
B. Daniels' ch m Louise	1	1	2dis

Time, 2:35½; 2:41½; 2:43½; 2:48.

A TROT took place on the Riverside Park Course on the 21st, ult., for $500, which resulted as stated in the appended summary:—

RIVERSIDE PARK, Tuesday, July 21.—Match $500; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Wm. Woodruff named blk m Victoria	1	2	2	1
D. Begley named b g Billy Pitcher	2	1	0	1
Time, 2:43½; 2:46; 2:45; 2:47; 2:45; 2:46½.				

ACCIDENT ON A BUFFALO TROTTING TRACK.—On Monday, July 20th, a serious accident occurred on the three-quarter mile track at Cold Spring, Buffalo, N. Y., of which C. M. Chambers was the victim. It appears that while going round the course at a rapid rate the harness broke and he fell from the sulky, his feet became entangled with the reins and he was drawn on the ground, all round the track, on his back. His clothes were torn off, his body horribly lacerated, an arm and several of his ribs broken and his head severely injured. He was picked up in an insensible state and physicians were summoned to his aid. It was thought he could not recover. Mr. Chambers arrived in Buffalo only a few days previously from New York with some horses for a fair. His residence, it is said, is in California.

TROTTING AT THE UNION COURSE, L. I.—Two trots took place on the above named track on July 22d, of which the following summaries give the details:—

UNION COURSE, L. I., July 22.—Match for $1,000; mile heats, three in five.

J. Campbell's b g Jim, in harness	1	1	1
W. Lovell's br m Lady Wells, to wagon	2	2	2

Time, 3:01; 2:31; 2:47.

SAME DAY.—Match for $1,000, between Brooklyn road horses; mile and repeat.

Owner's s m Doll, to wagon	1	1
Owner's b g Teaser, in harness	2	2

Time, 2:49; 2:47½.

THE BUFFALO HORSE FAIR, expected to be a grand affair—and we hope it may—is to commence July 28th. The entries for the several trots closed on the 25th to the number of 70. For the $10,000 race nine entries have been made, viz.:—Lady Hamilton, Fearnaught, Mollie, American Girl and Johnny Bradley. Eight entries have been made for the double team race, which takes place on the 31st. Besides the speedy ones that are to contend, a number of blood stock equines are to be exhibited. The Irving Park Track, on which speed and beauty are to be exhibited, is said to be in good order, it having been improved and widened so that eight horses can travel abreast.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Newmarket July and Carlisle Meetings.

SALE OF SAVERNAKE.

The unprecedented "heated term" that we have been enduring for some time past here, seems to have extended across the Atlantic, for we find that the weather during the recent July meeting at Newmarket was hotter than had ever been known before. So intense was the heat, that many of the betting men ceased plying their vocation as book-makers, and retired from the ring and the business of the day. The July Meeting at Newmarket extends over four days, and is looked forward to by racing men with great interest for the two Two Year Old Stakes, the July and the Chesterfield, on account of their richness and great value, generally attract the best and most promising youngsters in training, and the results consequently afford some insight into the merits of many of the Derby candidates for the ensuing year. The July stakes is run for on the first day of the meeting, and is a sweepstakes of $250 each, $150 forfeit, for two year olds, over a distance of 5 furlongs, 136 yards. This year there were sixty-one subscribers, of which nine started, and the nett value of the stake was therefore $9,560. It was won by Mr. Saville's b c, Ryshworth by Skirmisher, carrying 122lbs, beating the Duke of Newcastle's beautiful filly Abstinence (second) and seven others. The withdrawal of Mr. Merry's promising Derby colt, Belladrum, (who has run twice with Ryshworth this season, each alternately winning by a head only) deprived this race of much of its interest and the short odds of 7 to 4 were all that the bookmakers would lay against Ryshworth, who on later a splendid form with Abstinence by a neck only. The only other important event at the meeting was the Chesterfield Stakes for two year olds, $150 each, $100 forfeit, for which there were sixty-three subscribers. It was won by the Duke of Hamilton's Chatterhault, by Newminster, carrying 122 lbs., and beating Abstinence, carrying 126 lbs. (second), Parmesan colt, 122 lbs. (third), and three others. It was a magnificent race, for a head only separated first and second, and the same the second and third. Considering that Abstinence carried 7 lbs. more than the winner, and was only beaten by a head, it speaks highly for the former, and makes Ryshworth's performance in the July stakes, where he beat Abstinence by a neck, all the more creditable. Chatterhault and Abstinence are trained in the sane stable by Matthew Dawson. The nett value of the Chesterfield Stakes was $6,550.

The Carlisle meeting was the most successful that has been held for many years, the fields being large and the contests close. The only race worthy of our notice was that for the Cumberland Plate, which in years gone by was regarded as one of the most important handicap races in the North of England. This year it was won by Sir F. Johnstone's The Clown, aged, carrying 105 lbs., and beating eight others; the favorite—the Czar—being second, and Flora third. The betting was 100 to 15 against the winner.

The well-known horse Savernake, who it will be remembered ran second to Lord Lyons, both in the Derby and St. Leger, being only beaten a head in both races, has been sold by Lord Allesbury to the Prussian Government for $15,000. He is a remarkably well bred colt, being full brother to St. Albans, by Stockwell out of Bribery.

The unusual sale of Mr. Naylor's (the owner of Stockwell), yearlings took place recently, and proved a comparative failure, for of the twenty-seven offered, nearly half were returned unsold; the average price being 240 guineas. This was a great falling off compared with previous years, for only a season or two back, Mr. Naylor sold the whole batch of his Stockwells to Lord Hastings for $50,000, and of the lot only two, Athens and Nanette, proved of any value. Last year Mr. Naylor determined to train the lot himself, but up to the present time not one of them has won a race. The prices brought at the recent sale were so far below what Mr. Naylor anticipated, that the covering fee of Stockwell as a sire is to be reduced from $1,000 to $500. Among the recent winners we notice at the Hungerford meeting a colt out of Lindon, called Lundew, by Umpire, an American bred horse formerly owned by Mr. Ten Broeck, and a prominent favorite for the Epsom Derby in 1860, won by Thormanby.

The betting on the Goodwood Stakes and Goodwood Cup monopolises attention at present. Gomera still continues first favorite for the former event, 100 to 30 being freely taken. Tabouret, a colt by Rataplan and Mulligrets, trained by Tom Dawson, came with a sudden rush, and was backed for so much money, that he left off at 10 to 1, at which price Ecarte was also backed. This colt is by Chevalier d'Industrie out of Miss Hawthorn, has never lost a race, and is rumored by the dangerous Tom Parr, a man who has astonished the world by his turf coups more than any other trainer. For the Goodwood Cup Blinkhoolie is the favorite, being backed at 5 to 2; Speculum and Julius at 4 to 1 each; Suffolk 100 to 8; The Earl 100 to 8; and Freponier 14 to 1. The odds of 600 to 400 were laid on Blinkhoolie. Speculum and Julius against the field. For the St Leger The Earl maintains his position of first favorite at 5 to 2; Formosa 7 to 1; and King Alfred 7 to 1. We give the latest quotations at Tattersalls:—

GOODWOOD STAKES (run Wednesday, July 29).

Gomera, 6 yrs, 8st 8lb	100 to 30 (t and off)
Tabouret, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb	9 to 1 (t and off)
Ecarte, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb	10 to 1 (t and off)
Cannon Ball, 4 yrs 7st 7lb	13 to 1 (t)
Papillon, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	100 to 7 (off)
Romping Girl, 4 yrs 7st 9lb	100 to 60 (t)
Lucifer, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb	25 to 1 (t)
Our Mary Ann, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	25 to 1 (off)
Wellow, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	25 to 1 (off)
Fitz-Ivan, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb	30 to 1 (off)
Kidderminster, 4 yrs, 7st	100 to 30 (t and off)
Tyndale, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb	100 to 20 (off)
Blinkhoolie, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb	100 to 15 (off)
Elmira, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	100 to 15 (off)

7 to 1 against Cannon Ball and Lucifer coupled (t and off).

GOODWOOD CUP (run Thursday, July 30).

Blinkhoolie, 4 yrs, 9st	5 to 2 (off, 2 to 1 t)
Speculum, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb	4 to 1 (off, 9 to 2 t and 5)
Julius, 4 yrs, 9st	4 to 1 (off)
Suffolk, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb	100 to 8 (t)
Freponier, 4 yrs, 9st	14 to 1 (t)

6 to 4 bl on Blinkhoolie, Speculum and Julius agst the field (t).

ST. LEGER (run Wednesday, September 9).

The Earl	100 to 40 (t and off)
Formosa	7 to 1 (t)
King Alfred	7 to 1 (t)
Albeta	100 to 25 (t)
Restitution	100 to 2 (off)
Lady Elizabeth	500 to 10 (off)

THE DERBY.

Belladrum	100 to 80 (t and off)
Ryshworth	100 to 80 (off)

MATCH MADE BETWEEN DEERY AND FOSTER FOR $250 A SIDE.—On the 24th ult., representatives of the players met at Captain Boyle's Astor Billiard Room, and entered into engagements for a contest between John Deery and Melvin Foster, at the three-ball game, 300 points up, on a second-size four-pocket table, for $250 a side. All the arrangements have been completed, except as to the stake, which will be increased to $300 a side should Deery prefer that amount. The contest will take place in this city as soon after the 15th inst. as a suitable hall can be procured. Already the match is exciting a great deal of interest, and the play of both Foster at his own rooms in Park Row, and Deery at Captain Boyle's—is being closely watched.

EXHIBITION IN CHICAGO.—On the 23d ult., there was to have been an exhibition at the opening of its rooms on the corner of State and Thirtieth streets. The hall has been newly fitted up, and contains five of R. Kleeman & Co.'s tables, mounted with Phelan & Collender's cushions. Pierre Carme, Joseph Vermeulen and Peter Snyder were to have played then. On the same night John McDevitt and Snyder were to have played a practice game of 1,500 points at Tom Foley's rooms on Dearborn street.

OPENING NIGHT.—Good Fenians and others residing in the upper districts on the east side who take pleasure in revolving the spheres on the cloth of Emerald green will be pleased to learn that John Farrell, now of 40th street and Second Avenue, has secured a lease of the premises known as the "Ironsides," on said avenue, between 62d and 63d streets, and will formally open it as a bar and billiard room on the 3d inst. The tables will be from the manufactory of W. J. Sharp.

RETURNED HOME.—Geo. E. Phelan returned from San Francisco on the 26th ult., apparently much improved in health.

BILLIARDS.

CONTEST BETWEEN CARME AND VERMEULEN.

CARME WINS BY A SCORE OF 1,500 TO 835.

During the short time Pierre Carme has been in Chicago, he has exhibited unusual activity, giving exhibitions frequently and finally playing a match for $250 a side with the champion of the State, Joseph Vermeulen. This match consisted of 1,500 points, caroms, on a second-sized carom table, the push shot being barred and Carme giving his opponent 500 points as odds. The contest took place at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, on the night of the 22d ult., and was witnessed by a large number of interested spectators. George Morris and Peter Snyder were the umpires and Dudley Kavanagh officiated as referee. Carme was the favorite at two to one, and layers were plenty that an average of 20 would be made. Vermeulen opened the game, Carme taking a lead at once with a run of 71. With 85 on his fifth innings, followed by 51 and 83 Carme turned his second hundred 100 only behind, notwithstanding Vermeulen had played steady, running 60, 47 and 26 in quick succession. The latter, however, with runs of 40, 42, 40 and 16 held his own for the next hundred and Carme gained no more. The latter in his fourteenth innings made 92 by some very fine play, which placed him 416 to his opponent's 351. This he followed up with 45, and three innings after Vermeulen, getting a favorable break, turned his fourth hundred with a run of 62. Vermeulen was playing with great nerve and steadiness, and on his twenty-third innings, by a run of 68, he turned his fifth hundred 24 ahead. Continued steady play gave him a lead of 70 on his next hundred. Right away after Carme, by several fine shots, drove the balls into the corner and ran 107, breaking up with a miscue. Vermeulen then turned his seventh hundred 49 ahead. His hopes received a check soon after, for Carme, obtaining favorable position, began in a way that sent up his score with rapidity. Four times he broke up the balls and as often got them together, making the great run of 382, gaining his odds and being 332 ahead. Almost immediately after he increased his lead by runs of 120 and 102, and then by a run of 101, which he finished with 20, 9 and 13, winning by 365 points. Vermeulen himself played a very good game, his average being over 19, which is a large one, even for a second-sized table. The following is the score:—

Vermeulen.—0, 8, 29, 15, 17, 60, 47, 26, 40, 42, 0, 6, 21, 40, 16, 6, 0, 6, 62, 53, 0, 7, 68, 11, 11, 4, 15, 19, 75, 17, 13, 5, 33, 14, 5, 0, 32, 4, 5, 11, 22, 0—835. Odds added, 1,15.

Carme.—9, 5, 71, 0, 85, 31, 83, 0, 2, 2, 0, 7, 11, 92, 45, 12, 9, 52, 0, 5, 0, 6, 0, 2, 0, 8, 5, 2, 107, 12, 582, 0, 2, 120, 102, 25, 5, 3, 34, 101, 20, 9, 13—1,500. Average of winner, 34 39-42.

Time of game—Four hours and five minutes.

MATCH MADE BETWEEN DEERY AND FOSTER FOR $250 A SIDE.—On the 24th ult., representatives of the players met at Captain Boyle's Astor Billiard Room, and entered into engagements for a contest between John Deery and Melvin Foster, at the three-ball game, 300 points up, on a second-size four-pocket table, for $250 a side. All the arrangements have been completed, except as to the stake, which will be increased to $300 a side should Deery prefer that amount. The contest will take place in this city as soon after the 15th inst. as a suitable hall can be procured. Already the match is exciting a great deal of interest, and the play of both Foster at his own rooms in Park Row, and Deery at Captain Boyle's—is being closely watched.

EXHIBITION IN CHICAGO.—On the 23d ult., there was to have been an exhibition at the opening of its rooms on the corner of State and Thirtieth streets. The hall has been newly fitted up, and contains five of R. Kleeman & Co.'s tables, mounted with Phelan & Collender's cushions. Pierre Carme, Joseph Vermeulen and Peter Snyder were to have played then. On the same night John McDevitt and Snyder were to have played a practice game of 1,500 points at Tom Foley's rooms on Dearborn street.

OPENING NIGHT.—Good Fenians and others residing in the upper districts on the east side who take pleasure in revolving the spheres on the cloth of Emerald green will be pleased to learn that John Farrell, now of 40th street and Second Avenue, has secured a lease of the premises known as the "Ironsides," on said avenue, between 62d and 63d streets, and will formally open it as a bar and billiard room on the 3d inst. The tables will be from the manufactory of W. J. Sharp.

RETURNED HOME.—Geo. E. Phelan returned from San Francisco on the 26th ult., apparently much improved in health.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A RICH CASE.

A SHOE DEALER WITHOUT A SOUL.

One of the richest cases the civil courts of St. Louis are called upon to decide, came up before Justice Andre on July 17th. A servant girl, for some time in his employ, brought suit against him to secure money for the support and maintenance of her unborn child. The *Times* of that city says:—"The girl's story was simply told and it was evident she keenly felt the anguish of her position. She alleges that during the absence of Charles W. Gauss' family at church, on a Sabbath some months since, he had forced and half persuaded her to his desires—which was broken up for some time and until she could no longer conceal her unfortunate condition. She further alleges that he gave her $300 and discharged her from his employ. Some time afterwards, she says, he sent an attorney to her with a written document to which her signature was demanded. When asked what it contained, she was informed that it was a guarantee on Gauss' part to properly educate the child. Believing in this statement, she signed it as desired, and did not know that she had been deceived until it was presented in court, when she found that she had agreed not to ask for any more money. She therefore claimed that inasmuch as she had been deceived by the document in question, it was fraudulent and void. It was declared that he had also made her since an offer of $100 in money and a pass to Germany if she would leave the country. Judgment for $130 was rendered. Gauss is a wholesale boot and shoe dealer, No. 112 North Main street, and resides near Webster Park. His faith in servant girls is very much shaken by this untoward event."

BLACK AND WHITE TRIPLETS.—A mulatto woman by the name of Banerd, living at La Crosse, Wis., gave birth on July 5th to three children, two of which are white and one as black as a coal

A SENSATION SPOILED.—A promising sensation, says an exchange, was spoiled in Cleveland, O., a few days since. The papers recorded the finding of a full suit of female apparel near the lake, and surmises were rife as to the fate of the owner who might have been robbed or drowned while bathing, or committed suicide. Later in the day the reporters were disgusted by learning that the fair owner had appeared in person at the station house and claimed her dry goods, which had been captured and secreted by a mischievous thief while the owner was enjoying a twilight bath in Lake Erie.

THE "BLACK CROOK" OUT-CROOKED.—The exceedingly indecorous movements of Caroline Schneider, of 150 East Kinney street, Newark, N. J., one day last week, attracted the attention of a watchful guardian of the public morals, dressed in blue and brass. According to the guardian's statement it appears that Caroline, who is sixty years of age, was striving to emulate the most extravagant movements of the "Black Crook" notabilities to the intense delight of a large audience. The sport was rudely stopped by the man in blue, who toted the mature *debutante* off to the station house. She was subsequently taken before a magistrate and a charge of indecent exposure of her person preferred, which, being sustained, the Schneider woman will pay Essex County Jail a visit for a month or so.

A FAIR FEMININE, daughter of a noted abortionist, on Fifth avenue, N. Y., recently eloped with a policeman, and mamma now disowns her

Sporting Squibs.

— A fast trotting mare, belonging to Capt. Thomas Tenant, of Talbot County, Md., died a few days since.

— Buffalo and antelopes being scarce on the plains, the Indians are now hunting emigrants.

— A shaggy lynx, five feet in length, was killed a few days ago at Lyons, Mich.

— A bear, weighing 425 lbs., was lately trapped at Pownot, Vermont

— A groom has been sentenced to five years penal servitude in England for poisoning a race horse at Barnstaple.

— A velocipede to run on the water has been invented in Paris.

— The lads in one of the grammar schools at Fall River, Mass., presented the lassies with a handsome crowk set.

—The first prize for declamation at Harvard this year was awarded to Richard Theodore Greener, a colored youth.

— Yachts, to the number of 320, are advertised for sale in England, averaging from ten to six hundred tons each.

— Two young ladies were drowned while bathing at Atlantic City, Pa., on the 23d ult.

— A pic-nic for heavy weights, 250lbs each, is to take place at Utica, N. Y., next month.

— There is a lager bier saloon for ladies in New Orleans. They should be careful, or they will soon need a still larger bier.

— A long swim was done by Edward Williams, of Scranton, Pa., recently, viz: nine miles in 2½ hours. Where's Leander and Byron after that?

— Away I go, or to Hawaii I go to buy a horse, for three they are sold at $2.50 a piece. Horseflesh is can live cheap, there.

— French ladies bathe in tights now, instead of loose drawers. Calculated, we should say, to set gentlemen's heads swimming.

— The "smartest woman in this city" runs a saddlery establishment, it is said. True, maybe, but does she have a bridal chamber in her crib?

— Skating rinks, similar to those in Boston, Chicago, etc., are about to be built in New York and Brooklyn, it is reported, under the supervision of the same architect.

— Martelle is preferred by many to croquet as a lady's field game. Coquet is most frequently indulged in by the fair feminines, however.

— A. Pusey-lanimous challenge has been issued by Dr. Pusey to successfully defend his peculiar tenets without interposing technical or legal difficulties.

— A pigeon shooting match has been arranged, we understand, to take place this week between William Taylor, of Jersey City, and Alfred Carlan, for $250 a side, at single birds.

— Hon. John Minor Botts, once an influential patron of the turf, has been at Saratoga, we understand, under treatment for dropsy. A bad place to go to, we think, as there are too many drops taken there. That's what's the matter.

— The steamship City of Paris left Queenstown at 4 P. M on the 16th July, and arrived at Quarantine, New York, at 6 A. M. of the 26th, the running time being *eight days, eighteen and a half hours!*

— An English cricket eleven is to come here this fall, it is said, for the purpose of putting money in the purses of a few English snobs. They'd better stay where they are, for they'll make no profits or we are no prophets.

— A canvas shade, mounted on wire and fitted to the horse's head, is the invention of a Philadelphian, intended as a protection for the poor equines, which is calculated to be used pretty generally.

PEOPLE often wonder at the most natural things in the world. "I say, Digby," said Quilp to an acquaintance, "you look sober this morning." "And for a very obvious reason," said Digby; "I am sober."

AT a county fair in New Jersey a little boy, who was running about and bawling loudly, was asked why he was. The following reply touched all hearts:—"I want my mammy; that's what's the matter. I told the darned thing she'd see me."

"I THINK our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

IT is aggravating to see a good looking man wrestling with your wife in a waltz, without having the privilege of getting up and tightening his cravat.

AN agricultural society offered a premium for the best mess of *irrigation*, which was printed *irrvation* by mistake; whereupon an honest farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

A LADY recently advertised in one of the dailies that she wanted a "gentleman for breakfast and tea;" while another for a "husband having a Roman nose with strong religious tendencies;" and a third party seeks to recover "a lost wallet belonging to a gentleman made of calf."

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS;

OR,

Night Rambles in Paris.

Probably in no city in the world do extremes meet as they do in Paris. Grave and gay, brilliancy and opaqueness, virtue and vice, wealth and poverty; all these extremes and more too may be met with in a tour through Paris. Proof of this is given, in part, by a correspondent to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose communication is published therein under the title of "Night Rambles in Paris." He says:—"

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL or other Advertisements coming under the head of ENTERTAINMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our NEWS Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line;* the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in *advance.*

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to secure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

SECOND ANNUAL TOUR OF
WILSON & CLARKE'S
PROVINCIAL BOSTON THEATRE,
BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA,
THE REGULAR FALL AND WINTER SEASON OF 1868-9
will commence on or before
OCTOBER 1,
and leave Boston for their standard route through Maine and New Brunswick.
Ladies and gentlemen desirous of engaging will apply at once, and address the undersigned, at CALAIS, MAINE.
WILSON & CLARKE, Managers.
H. E. PARMALEE, Agent.
C. H. NEWELL, Assistant.
MR. PARMALEE will please write to us at once for orders, anticipating our opening. [17-31*] W. & C.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSES,
IN BROOKLYN AND PHILADELPHIA.
WANTED.—First Class Minstrel Artists, Comedians, Dancers, Vocalists and Instrumental Performers, for the
FALL AND WINTER SEASON,
Commencing SEPT. 7TH.
None but First Class Artists need apply.
Address COOL WHITE,
Stage Manager,
17-2t HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn.

MISS BELLE HOWITT,
SOUBRETTE, SINGING AND BURLESQUE,
From the Boston Theatre, is prepared to negotiate with a
RESPONSIBLE MANAGER
for the Fall and Winter season of 1868 and '69. Address
MISS BELLE HOWITT,
15-5t* Lock Box 5,148. P. O., Boston, Mass.

MISS LOTTA uses one of the
Dobson Patent Banjos. 17-1t

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
CHARLEY WHITE.....Acting and Stage Manager
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND,
WITH THE BEST STANDARD VARIETY COMPANY IN THE COUNTRY.
First class artistes in all branches wishing engagements can apply to
13-7t* CHARLEY WHITE.

MISS JENNIE HIGHT,
The highly accomplished VERSATILE ARTISTE, will commence her Fall and Winter Starring Season September 5th. A Singing Chambermaid wanted, one who can play Juveniles. Ladies and gentlemen of dramatic ability will please apply to her father,
17-13t H. A. HIGHT, Manager, 470 State st., Chicago, Ill.

MISS LEO HUDSON'S address
for the ensuing four weeks is Baltimore, Md. Managers wishing time for the Fall and Winter Season will direct
17-4t MISS LEO HUDSON, 34 William street.

WANTED.—First Class Variety
Material of every description for the Fall and Winter Season, in a permanent New York establishment. Artists of merit and ability will address W. T. C., Tremont House, Boston, Mass., stating lowest terms, style of business, etc. Also wanted, a capable and temperate property man. 17-1f

WANTED.
A good 1st E flat CORNET PLAYER, as a Teacher and Director in East Templeton Cornet Band. Terms liberal. A good opportunity for outside jobs. Address
17-3t* H. S. WARREN, East Templeton, Mass.

WANTED—By the first of Septem-
ber, ONE COMEDIAN, ONE COMEDY WOMAN, ONE BALLET MASTER, 10 BALLET GIRLS, must be good dressers.
Also, GOOD VARIETY TALENT will be engaged.
Company to travel in the West. Address, stating lowest terms, etc., until the 24th of August, to
17-1t* A. J. ROSE, Lacon, Ill.

TURNER HALL, Ottawa, Ill.
Commodious Hall, will seat 800 persons; stage, with some decorations, footlights, dressing rooms, etc. Good show town, population 10,000. Address JOS. GONDOLF, Drawer 126, Ottawa, Ill. 17-6m*

AN AMATEUR, a lady from Lon-
don, a good reader, and having a good voice, good figure, etc., wishes an engagement for good Utility. Please address
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GREAT PROFESSIONAL AND PARLOR BANJO;
Invented and Patented by HENRY C. DOBSON, July 16th, 1867. The Loudest, Sharpest, Sweetest, and altogether the most brilliant toned instrument in the world and now used by the following well known artists:—Miss Lotta, Emma Maddern, Ella Chapman, Sam Sharpley, Nelse Seymour, Billy Birch, Dave Wambold, Leo Hudson and other First Class Professionals. Each and every Banjo silver mounted and highly polished, Price $20. Sent, securely packed, to any part of the United States or Canadas, C. O. D., Wholesale and Retail.
Address HENRY C. DOBSON,
16-1f 289 Bowery, New York.

BANJO INSTRUCTIONS Given
from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., by H. C. DOBSON, 289 Bowery, N. Y. 17-1f

ATLANTIC GARDEN AND THEATRE,
CALLOWHILL STREET, BELOW FIFTH, PHILADELPHIA, will commence the Fall Season on or about the 24th August, 1868, until which time the Theatre
CAN BE RENTED
for Benefits, Exhibitions, Pedestrian Feats, etc.
NOTICE.—Novelties or Sensational Productions of every description liberally treated with on application to the proprietors,
12-3t. CURRAN & NORRIS.

WILLARD'S THEATRE, Boston.
THEATRICAL WARDROBE.
Parties having rich Wardrobe to dispose of can find a purchaser by addressing HENRY WILLARD,
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This new and elegant monster hall, with full stage appointments, dressing rooms, and all other modern improvements, capable of seating 3,000 people, is now offered at reasonable rates, for operas, concerts, lectures, theatrical and other performances. The acoustics of the hall superior to any other. For particulars apply to
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LOW COMEDIAN AND STAGE MANAGER,
And the Infant Wonder, LA PETITE ALBERTA, can be engaged by responsible managers for the season of 1868-9. Address
16-3t* PHILIPSBURG, Pa., or Clipper Office.

MISS MARION CLIFTON,
LEADING LADY,
Is prepared to negotiate with a Responsible Manager for the Fall and Winter Season of 1868 and '69. Addresss
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or LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
16-2t* 609 Broadway, N. Y.

CALCIUM LIGHTS FOR HIRE
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FOR RENT
from the 1st of September. Is in good order. Apply to
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WANTED—A few good first class
Performers for a Minstrel Troupe for a tour through Europe. Address, until 20th August, B. CHAS. BEARMAND,
17-1t* P. O. Box 13, Providence, Lucerne Co., Pa.

H. C. DOBSON'S PATENT BAN-
JO, the pride of the profession, the parlor companion. 17-1t

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Every description of work used by the Dramatic, Dancing, Equestrian and Gymnastic Profession made to order and sent C. O. D. 11-3mo*

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$15,000 TO $20,000
To be made this season out of the celebrated ANDALUSIAN BULL "DON QUIXOTE"
which has created such a furore, and puzzled the brains of the most distinguished Savans of the European Continent.
This most Wonderful Animal is the greatest anomaly ever known to the scientific world, being a perfect and entire BULL, in every sense of the word, and yet is provided with Udder and Teats like the Cow, and gives two quarts of pure milk daily, and may justly be considered the wonder of the
NINETEENTH CENTUEY.
The proprietors will sell, delivered after 1st of August, as his health won't allow him to travel. Apply to
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Can be engaged for "FIRST OLD WOMEN;" also MR. W. A. BOSWELL, "Eccentric Comedian." Address W. A. BOSWELL,
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IF NED DAVIS, of Davis' Ohio
MINSTRELS, will please call on or address B. T. Green, No. 73 New Chambers st., New York, immediately; he will hear of something greatly to his advantage. 17-1t*

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Author of Under the Gas Light, is busy writing a NEW SENSATIONAL PIECE for MISS SALLIE PARTINGTON. It will be ready about the end of August. Those wishing for its first production will please address her agent, CHARLES T. PARSLOE,
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BROOKLYN.
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND. NO CLOSING FOR REPAIRS.
The house has been Repainted and Redecorated, and the Company Reconstructed for 1867 and '68. The Company, as now organized, embraces a larger array of First Class Talent than has ever been concentrated in a Minstrel Troupe, embracing Comedians, Tragedians, Vocalists, Dancers and Instrumentalists, who will appear nightly in their Minstrel Illustrations. First class artists, particularly those having specialties, can always secure an opening by addressing
6-tf E. GREENLAND, Business Manager.

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(LATE MILWARD'S,)
Nos. 108 & 110 CHURCH STREET.
C. T. TOOKER.....Lessee and Proprietor
THE ONLY LEGITIMATE
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NOW OPEN IN THE CITY,
possessing all the advantages of a
FIRST CLASS THEATRE.
Artistes of acknowledged abilities having
SPECIALTIES
Will be liberally treated with by addressing
CHARLEY KANE,
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Will retain the tone in wet weather as well as dry. 17-1t

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THEIR FACILITIES IN MANUFACTURING
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WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
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Also Forty Ladies for the Corps de Ballet, for a new Grand Spectacle now in active preparation. Engagements for the Season.
FIRST CLASS ARTISTS IN ALL BRANCHES
wishing engagements can apply to H. FOX,
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THE "BLACK CROOK."
The contract for the performance of this famous spectacle, North, South, East and West, by Frederick G. Maeder, Esq., (Maeder, Curran and Davey), expire by limitation July 6th. That of Meech & Co. expires October 1st. Parties desiring to negotiate for the production of the "Black Crook," after the above dates, in any of the territory now held by the above gentlemen, will please address
CHAS. M. BARRAS,
7-tf Care of Pike's Opera House, New York.

ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE,
ASHLAND, PENN.,
Southeast Corner of 7th and Centre Streets.
The Public Hall of the TEMPLE is 50 feet wide by 80 feet long and is to let or Balls, Concerts, Minstrels, Theatricals, Lectures, &c.
It is the only hall in the place. ASHLAND and vicinity has a population numbering over 15,000.
Apply to
GEO. H. HELFRICH,
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CONTINENTAL HALL,
At Greenpoint, opposite East 10th st., to let for Balls, Concerts, Minstrels, Lectures, &c. It is the only suitable Hall in the place, and is surrounded by a population numbering 15,000. Apply to
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12, 14 AND 16 SPRUCE STREET,
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SHOW BILL
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THIS FIRM
Pays particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
A deposit required on all work ordered. 11-tf

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62 Nos. Fifteen Cents each. Sent postpaid by
O. A. ROORBACH,
10-tf 102 Nassau street, N. Y.

BILLY BIRCH thinks there is
no Banjo like H. C. DOBSON'S New Patent. 17-1t

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
INDIANAPOLIS.
The above Theatre, completely stocked with Scenery and Properties, will be for rent by the night or week from and after May 10th next.
5-13t V. BUTSCH, Proprietor.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
MEMPHIS, TENN.
CHAS. H. H. BROOM.....Proprietor
CHARLEY MORTON.....Stage Manager
Open the year round. Talent of acknowledged ability (only) can secure lengthy engagements by addressing Stage Manager
Good salaries paid. 5-13t*

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY &
GRAHAM,
19 MAIDEN LANE
Importers and Dealers in
THEATRICAL LACES, FRINGES,
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SOUTHERN DRAMATIC
MUSICAL AND EQUESTRIAN
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Having established ourselves we are now prepared to treat with the Dramatic Profession, Minstrel and Variety Troupes.
All First Class Performers in the above line of business—our facilities being such we will be able to give entire satisfaction.
We are also prepared to furnish
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of every description, in fact everything appertaining to the profession, at the lowest market prices. Particular attention paid to Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to adopt the stage as a profession. We have on our books now 200 First Class Professionals in both the Dramatic, Equestrian and Variety Business. All letters address to
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Parties wishing to make arrangements for the use of the
WALNUT ST. THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
from June 1st until August 5th, will please address
11-tf THOS. S. CRIPPLE, Business Manager.

MLLE. TOURNIAIRE,
together with her daughter and four pad, bareback and trick horses, can be engaged for the balance of the tenting season. Address
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Opposite the Public Square and Post Office. The Hall is 120 feet long by 55 wide, has two dressing rooms, raised seats, foot and border lights and carpet. The entrance is twelve feet wide.
Hamilton Hall is by far the most popular hall in the city.
N. B.—Hamilton Hall owns all the Bulletin Boards, and has leased all the desirable walls in the city for posting bills.
TO LET (for first class entertainments only.)
The above Hall will seat over 1,000 persons, is fitted with entirely new and elegant scenery (Plain).
The most centrally located building in the city, and every way adapted for
FIRST CLASS EXHIBITIONS.
48-12m* H. N. WARD, Agent.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE,
NEW ORLEANS.
Proprietor, B. DE BAR. Lessee and Manager, CHAS. POPE.
This theatre will open for the regular season on or about the latter part of October, 1868. Star and stock artists of acknowledged reputation will apply to Lovell & Simmonds, 609 Broadway, N. Y., or Chas. Pope, 21 Delaware place, Buffalo, N. Y. Consider silence a negative. 16-3m*

NOTICE.—All communications in
reference to the coming season of '68 and '69, from Stars and General Artistes, will please be addressed to the undersigned,
B. MACAULEY, Clarendon Hotel,
16-tf Long Branch, N. J.

HARRY GILBERT, First Low
Comedy and Pantomimes. Managers desiring his services address care of Clipper Office. 16-4t

HOWARD ATHENÆUM,
BOSTON, MASS.
J. B. RICH & JOE TROWBRIDGE.....Proprietors
JOSH HART.....Business and Stage Manager
The above named Theatre will open for the season of 1868-69 with
TROWBRIDGE & HART'S
STAR
COMBINATION,
commencing August 10th, 1868.
Artists of established reputation in the Variety business can apply by letter only. Enclose no stamp; consider silence a negative.
JOSH HART,
115 Ludlow street,
New York City,
until further notice.
N. B.—The ladies and gentlemen engaged will please assemble in the Green Room at 11 o'clock on Monday, Aug. 3d, preparatory to opening on the 10th. 16-3t

H-U-M-P-T-Y D-U-M-P-T-Y.
Managers having time open for the production of this popular Spectacular Pantomime, are requested to make early application to
JOHN A. ELSLER, JR., and TONY DENIER,
Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio,
they having the only right to produce the same, and will furnish all the PORTABLE TRICKS,
TRANSFORMATIONS, MUSIC,
PRINCIPAL DANCERS, PANTOMIMISTS,
etc. Address as above. 17-1t*

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IQUE, Detroit, Mich., for the Fall and Winter Season, commencing on or about Aug. 20, First Class Performers in all lines of business. Apply at once, stating lowest terms, to
C. M. WELCH,
18-7t Proprietor Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich.

C. LE FOWLER,
CLOWN AND COMIC VOCALIST,
The Grimaldi of America.
Address all letters care of
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Start for Europe Wednesday, July 22d, and return with first class novelties in October. Managers wishing to negotiate will please address MESSRS. LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
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COMPANY, now traveling through the eastern cities.
Address his agents LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
16-tf 609 Broadway, N. Y. City.

THOMAS SIMPSON, Musician,
Is requested to write to his wife and daughter, or anyone knowing his whereabouts will oblige by communicating the same to
16-3t* MRS. SIMPSON, 116 William street, N. Y. City.

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HOUSE,
PHILADELPHIA.
CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS.
WANTED—A good Baritone Singer, one capable of performing in a burlesque, etc. Performers having specialties and wishing engagements for the coming season will please address
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12-2t Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Pa.

NELSE SEYMOUR uses one of
DOBSON'S New Patent Banjos. 17-1t

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Y.—Large and Commodious, and newly erected stage 18 by 25. Good troupes can draw crowded houses. 52-6m*

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CONCERTS and Comicalities, with ever varying and new features of Popular Amusement, not the least attractive of which is the introduction of the Genuine English
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This popular Theatre can be rented by the week or night for all firs class entertainments. JOHN WALDEN, Agent,
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A splendid new Hall, very centrally located in a thickly settled part of the city, with a seating capacity of 500—600. Well fitted for concerts, lectures, minstrels, &c. Can be rented by the night or week.
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SCENIC AND GENERAL ARTISTS, Established 1841.
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Connected with the Mason House. Seats eight hundred. A good "show town;" five thousand inhabitants. Yours, etc.,
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Thoroughly renovated; attractively improved; increased ventilation; encircled with mammoth open windows—THE NEW PLATFORM—and now crowded nightly. Make a note of this. ☞ Variety performers—regular and special—can rely on advantageous engagements by addressing or telegraphing (pre-paid), KERNAN & BRO.,
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This Hallwill seat 500 people comfortably; has a stage, with dressing rooms, etc., and is lighted with gas. Parties desiring to rent the above Hall, can do so by applying to G. C. WELLS, Wells' Hotel, Portchester, N. Y. 8-12t*

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REGULAR DRAMATIC SEASON. Strictly first class Artists desiring engagements for the fall and winter, address
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Is prepared to negotiate with responsible Managers for
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For the season of 1868-9.
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(and Heavies if desired), is prepared to negotiate with responsible Managers for the ensuing fall and winter season. Please address Box 608 Indianapolis, Ind. 15-3t*

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LOUIS MONTALDI, GYMNAST,
And his wife,
LUCY MONTALDI, GYMNAST AND EQUESTRIENNE,
Are now at liberty to engage with a responsible Circus Manager for the balance of the season, on easy terms. In addition to our own services we have one entry and one Trick Horse, both very handsome and sagacious, the trick horse being a beautiful black and white spotted equine. Parties wishing to negotiate may address
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The undersigned having purchased this establishment, to be hereafter known as
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After reconstruction and refitting, will open as a
FIRST CLASS STAR THEATRE
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This celebrated troupe, now fully re-organized for the coming season of 1868 and 1869.
Commence their Fall and Winter Campaign at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, September 14th.
ALL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed to
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MANAGERS.—JAMES MARTIN & SON, Manufacturers of Circus and Side Show Canvases. We keep on hand 30, 35 and 40 feet Side Show Canvases; and also a large Stock of Campaign Flags, Base Ball Bounds, etc.
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Last great success,
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For rent or lease to responsible parties, on very favorable terms. It is in complete order, and will seat about eight hundred.
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Begs to announce to his friends—and their name is Legion—that he will be with them the beginning of September, 1868, with his
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WANTED—First Old Woman, First Walking Lady, First Class Leading Man, a Heavy Man. Also, Utility People, both Ladies and Gentlemen.
Until August 1st all applications to be addressed
W. K. LINYARD,
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After the first of August to the St. Charles Hotel, Broadway.
All persons engaged will please notice CALL that will be made in the New York Clipper.
Respectfully,
W. K. LINYARD,
16-3t* Comedian.

OBSERVE THE DOBSON BROS.
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This new and magnificent building is now open to the public. The main Hall is 106 by 80 feet; large stage, beautiful scenery, ample dressing rooms, and lighted with gas; comfortable seats for 2,000 persons; 200 orchestra armed chairs.
First class Dramatic and Minstrel Companies, Concert Troupes, Lecturers and Miscellaneous Entertainments can secure this Hall by the day or week by applying to
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Models of the effects furnished to purchasers at cost price. 12-8t

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Proprietor and Manager.....H. CORRI
This popular and highly successful establishment will close an eleven months season the first of August, and will open for the
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SEPTEMBER FIRST.
Stock artists, of known ability, desiring engagements, will apply to the above. Silence considered a negative.
☞ STARS WISHING TIME WILL BE LIBERALLY TREATED WITH.
During the month of August the Academy of Music will be let on reasonable terms to respectable traveling companies, not dramatic.
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LEADING HEAVY BUSINESS.
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